

BACONIANA

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COMMENTS

Notice to our Readers—During the month of August the offices of the Francis Bacon Society will be closed for the summer vacation but letters addressed to the Editor, Hon. Secretary, and the Hon. Treasurer will be duly forwarded to those concerned. The telephone number of the office is 'Knightsbridge 1020.'

ALTHOUGH it was a wrench when Sir Kenneth Murchison, who has been the President of the Francis Bacon Society for many years, found that in the present state of his health he could not assume the responsibility any longer, the election of Mr. Sydney Woodward as his successor unanimously acclaimed at the Annual General Meeting of the Society, held at the Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria, on June 22nd last, will be of interest to all Baconians, quite apart from any hereditary claim if such a term may be used. His father, Frank Woodward, was a leading Baconian until his death in 1937, and stood in the foremost rank of cypherists in his day, whilst his uncle Parker Woodward, was a noted scholar and historian of the Elizabethan period and of Francis Bacon in particular. Our new President, who was educated at Rugby and in France, was born in Nottingham, and entered the family's lace manufacturing business in that city, and is Chairman of the Woodward firm, although he has largely retired from active direction.

* * *

Mr. Sydney Woodward was therefore, one might allege, steeped in Baconian ethics from his early youth, and ever since he attained manhood's prime has been a stalwart of the Society. He may term it a 'hobby,' but to be an active member of the Society, entails a lot of time and trouble in what is always necessarily an uphill fight in the cause of readjusting a national wrong. He also gives a great deal of his time to another of his so-called "hobbies" as Hon. Librarian of the Wright Fleming Institute of St. Mary's Hospital, quite an onerous task. Those of us who may claim the honour of friendship with him, know him as a man of the utmost sincerity and reliability; one who never spares himself for the good of the Cause, possessing also the rare gift of enthusiasm and, moreover, a great sense of humour. Withal, he can be firm and outspoken, and brings a business mind to bear on the Society's affairs.

* * *

Our President's father, Mr. Frank Woodward, to whom he referred in his address upon his election, reported elsewhere in this

BACONIANA

Vol. XXXIV

65th YEAR

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Notice to Contributors:—The Editor is always pleased to consider articles for publication on subjects of interest to readers of the Magazine. Such should be addressed to the care of the Office, 50a, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7, with a stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

Summer Number, was a leading Cypherist as mentioned, and wrote his most fascinating and, to most persons, convincing work, *Francis Bacon's Cipher Signatures*. In the Introduction he puts his viewpoint succinctly thus: "it seemed to me that nothing would alter the existing belief that the Stratford player himself wrote the plays attributed to him, but *proof* that someone else did; only an indisputable Cipher or the actual discovery of the manuscripts of the plays could, in my opinion ever settle the question." Frank Woodward's own discovery was the Numerical Cipher as a signature used by Bacon throughout many of his works to indicate his authorship, or of the Rosicrucian Fellowship which he founded, this numerical signature being 157 by Simple Cipher, or 287 by what is known as the 'Kay' Cipher and which appears in his own works and those of Shakespeare. The Simple Count which makes the letters B=2 A=1 C=3 O=14 N=13, total 33 represents Bacon, and 157 frequently cropping up, notably in the letters of the frontispiece of the Folio of 1623, renders "Fra. Rosi Crosse." The Scroll on the Westminster Monument also contains the same number, both illustrations appearing among a host of others in the work referred to, as also the 'Kay' number 287. To most open-minded folk they offer convincing evidence. We mention this as a matter of topical interest to our readers, because recently a number of printed contents of this now rare work of Mr. Frank Woodward was discovered unbound in a cellar, which we understand our new President will generously present to the Society. It appears a section is missing, which will need to be replaced, and of course a new cover will have to be provided. The matter is in the hands of our Hon. Secretary, Mr. Valentine Smith.

* * *

Mention of Mr. Frank Woodward's *Francis Bacon's Cipher Signatures* possesses another topical interest at this moment, in relation to the article in this issue on Gustavus Selenus and Francis Bacon by M. Pierre Henrion, of Versailles, because this mysterious "Cryptographiae," gives to the world in tabulated form the Simple Cipher in its 24 letters (i and u, v and w being united) and their use explained, which first gave the clue to Frank Woodward. M. Henrion's article should be found of great value to the thinking world, although it was believed many years ago that Francis Bacon was concealed behind Gustavus Selenus, evidently a *nom de plume* writes Frank Woodward, who reproduces a facsimile of the page in the "Cryptographiae" in his work referred to. M. Henrion's contention in short is that the portrait which purports to be of Prince Augustus, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, is actually a composite work representing in the right half the features of the Duke, and in the left Francis Bacon. In the illustration we publish with M. Henrion's article, a white line has been engraved dividing the features where they appear to differ, so that our readers may draw their own conclusions. The subject was submitted to two of our members, known as authorities on this aspect of disguise namely, Mr. John Clennell, himself an artist, and Mr. Edward Johnson. The former reports—

"The face lacks symmetry, but it should be noticed, however that a balanced face is rare. In this portrait there appears difference in the size of the eyes, the outer angle of the eyebrow—the Bacon side is flatter than that of the Duke, but what is most striking is the lower lip, for here the artist had difficulties in joining the thin, ascetic lips of Bacon with the fatter type, which we would expect to see in the Duke's type of face. He compromised and so produced a distortion"

* * *

Mr. Johnson, after saying that M. Henrion has made a most interesting and valuable discovery states—"The eye of the Duke is very much larger than the eye of Bacon. The curved top of the left-hand sleeve is double the size of the curved top of the right-hand one. The upper half of the left-hand sleeve is divided from the bottom half by two rows of braid, and the pattern of the bottom half is quite different from that of the top half. The whole of the right-hand sleeve has the same pattern as that on the bottom half of the left-hand sleeve, which shows that the right-hand sleeve is really the back of the left-hand sleeve, as in the Droeshout picture." Mr. Johnson also compares the part features of the supposed Bacon with the portrait from the *Sylva Sylvarum* of 1626, saying that the only difference is that the Gustavus Selenus face is considerably older. We reproduce for comparison the *Sylva Sylvarum* portrait, but it should be said that the latter in the print in question has had lines deleted which lessen the age appearance. In Mr. R. W. Gibson's *Bacon Biography*—a most valuable new compendium reviewed elsewhere in this number—is given a facsimile of this same portrait with the lines of the original and it offers an almost exact parallel. Yet the portrait we do reproduce also with a dividing white line, will suffice for the comparison to be made.

* * *

Mr. Johnson also draws attention to the striking title-page of Gustavus Selenus' *Cryptographiae*, also reproduced with M. Henrion's article. He contends, as does M. Henrion, that the aristocratic personage in the design at the bottom, is the Duke of Brunswick, holding over the head of Bacon sitting, a cap or crown. "Attached to Bacon's girdle is a cord held by the Duke", he says, "the implication apparently being that Bacon wrote the book and the Duke was responsible for its publication" *i.e.*, the two were linked together in that work. (M. Henrion questions the cord or girdle). Mr. Johnson also draws attention to the sitting figure writing on a folio sheet, that the room has barred windows to indicate that the Book is being written in secret, and the open door shows that it will ultimately be given to the world. The remaining designs appear to bear on the despatch of this work, for the left design suggests, that the Duke is handing a package to a soldier, standing bare-headed, as he is about to take the work; the right-hand shows the same soldier galloping along with a case on the back of his horse, blowing a trumpet as he approaches a port; the upper design is of a boat's crew setting off from the port with the precious work. In fact it may be inferred that,

the intention of the title-page is to illustrate the completion of the work and its despatch to the printer, whereby the Duke is capping the author in congratulation. Mr. Johnson remarks—*Cryptomenytices* is a most wonderful book containing full descriptions of every kind of cipher. It contains 493 pages, and must have been very expensive to produce, and there must have been a reason for its publication." Yet another question arises: was it really published in 1624 or sometime after 1626, when the mysterious death of Lord St. Alban supposedly took place? In the previous years from 1621 he was not known to have left England.

* * *

Bearing on the latter problem of the actual date of Bacon's death, it may be mentioned that Mrs. S. C. Stuart, an overseas member of the Francis Bacon Society, at the Annual General Meeting in June last, showed great interest in the subject raised by three articles in our last issue, as to the question of obtaining permission to re-open the vault where the remains of Francis Bacon were supposed to have been laid, which it was alleged was found empty when opened. Mrs. Stuart, who first met Mrs. Prescott in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, has generously offered to defray all expenses if such permission can be obtained. Steps will be taken, we understand, to this end. Mrs. Stuart recalled that some ten years ago she made a like offer but nothing tangible resulted. Such determination and generosity deserve to be rewarded if no more. The President, Mr. Woodward, duly thanked her.

* * *

The Council of the Francis Bacon Society, at their last meeting elected Mrs. Kate Prescott, of Franklin, Mass., a Vice-President, in consideration of her long membership and close association with the Society. It is the greatest compliment the Society can pay to any of its members, and it is honoured to be able to number this distinguished lady as a Vice-President, and who in fact, is the first American to be so elected. It should be mentioned that copies of her *Reminiscences of a Baconian*, for which we have received several orders, are expected to reach us before long. There was a slight hitch because the price of this work, \$3.50, made it almost prohibitive in cost owing to the fall in the £ sterling, but owing to the kindness of the authoress and at some personal sacrifice, she is making, we understand, fifty copies available at 12s. 6d., plus postage, 13s. Owing to heavy demands on our space in this number it has been found impossible to give further extracts from her book as was hoped from her racy accounts. However, one of her many reminiscences may be quoted, as one or two of our members have asked what connection, if any, Francis Bacon had with Chepstow Castle, near where he was supposed to have concealed the manuscripts of all his works, including the Shakespeare Plays and where Dr. Orville Owen was making a search in the river Wye, at the time when the late Dr. and Mrs. Prescott were visiting it—a search never completed. Mrs. Prescott gives the explanation needed in her book—

"We had often speculated as to what had brought Bacon to this part of the country, although if the Pembrokes owned the castle at the time, and if Bacon was the son of Elizabeth and Leicester, then the owner was his cousin.

"One morning after our arrival at the Beaufort Arms, our chambermaid brought us a little book on Tintern and the famous Abbey . . . Dr. Prescott began looking through it casually, not expecting to find anything we did not already know. On the very last page he found a copy of a Grant, signed by James King permitting Francis Bacon to cut wood in Dean Forest for his 'wire works at Tintern'!"

What did Bacon want with 'Wire Works'? The word 'wire' is perhaps capable of expansion. According to Dr. Owen he had secreted his precious manuscripts in the river Wye in a specially made iron chest. It is a great pity that financial reasons mainly caused the search to be called off when far from completion.

* * *

The search for the original manuscripts intrigues the world continuously and innumerable places are suggested. This complete disappearance of every vestige of Bacon's own works, those of his friends and helpers like Ben Jonson, and all of the Shakespeare Plays, constitutes one of the many mysteries of the great genius and cannot be cast aside with a shrug of the shoulders, for Bacon was exceedingly careful about such matters, and it is unquestionable, as Dr. Rawley himself has told the world, but that they were carefully preserved. It is open to serious doubt whether the Rosicrucians were in possession of the hiding-place or places, although it is as certain as most things that they were entrusted with the secrets of his birth, and the reason why after his death—"until some time be passed" to use his own words, the facts about himself should then be given to the world, previously concealed for what we believe were related to the Stuart Dynasty. A number of Americans think the manuscripts were taken to Virginia, and in 1939, Mrs. Maria Bauer, a very convinced Baconian, devoted her time and money in order to open a vault in Bruton Churchyard, Williamsburg, Va. It had a strange sequel.

* * *

Mrs. Bauer, who has written a book entitled *The Birth of a New Age*, and two brochures, *Foundations Unearthed*, and *Francis Bacon's Great Virginia Vault*, all very clearly and modestly expressed on this quest, was apparently first drawn to her investigation by a book dated 1635, written by "George Withers," containing a collection of over 200 emblems ancient and modern, and cryptic poems, some being of an historical character, bringing in Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Robert Devereux, etc. She eventually learnt that, "under the first brick church in Bruton Parish, Williamsburg, Virginia, lies Francis Bacon's Vault." The decoding of an inscription in Bruton Churchyard led her to the conclusion it was the grave of Nathaniel Bacon, who lived at Bruton and raised a rebellion at Williamsburg, an historical fact. She claimed that this man's name was originally Blount, the son of

Henry Blount in England, a relation of the Bacon Family who was entrusted to take the Bacon records to America in about 1635, where they were first buried at Jamestown, Virginia. Blount adopted the name of Nathaniel Bacon, and in 1674, took them to Williamsburg and buried them—"under the foundation of the first brick church in Bruton Parish." Mrs. Bauer does not make it clear, but rather suggests that she obtained her first clue through George Withers' Emblematical work. At all events she obtained permission to excavate, and by the acquisition of information, which would take too long to explain, actually found the foundations of the original church hitherto disputed and began to open up the vault. Just as she reached this point, the owner of the property who, she alleged, had hitherto given her permission, albeit unwillingly, to dig, suddenly withdrew it and forbade any further work. These owners are the Rockefeller Restoration who have lavished large sums on Williamsburg. "Rockefeller interests" she alleges in *Foundations Restored*, "have restored Stratford-on-Avon. In some mysterious manner they have bought up the whole town of Williamsburg." That is the story in brief form and from 1939 when she was suddenly checked, apparently the ban still continues. If any of our American members can put us in touch with Mrs. Bauer we should be greatly obliged. We should like to learn also why Blount became Nathaniel Bacon. And what is the position of the Rockefeller oil millions towards the Shakespearean case?

* * *

Although not desirous of devoting too much space to this intriguing subject of the lost Bacon manuscripts, we must remind our members of the occasion in 1938 when the Society obtained permission from the Dean of Westminster to open the tomb of Spenser in Westminster Abbey, because some of our then members believed that the manuscripts should be found concealed in it. The result was utter failure, because the tomb opened transpired to be that of Matthew Prior.

* * *

On the occasion of the Royal visit to Stratford-on-Avon on April 24th last, we are said to have protested, as the French journal *Aux Ecoutes* described it as "disgraceful" (*honteux*), and as being "thoroughly scandalised" that the King and Queen were induced to associate themselves with the false claims made on behalf of a small and uneducated man, a petty usurer, a minor actor, who by "a colossal historical error has been confounded with the greatest writer of all time." This criticism went on to say in another journal that in 1938 the Bacon Society obtained permission to open the tomb of Spenser in Westminster Abbey because "the greatest poets of the age", reported *L'Impartial* "had concealed their manuscripts in it." To-day the Society knew exactly which was Spenser's tomb and would press to have it opened. From whence the foreign press obtained this information remains an enigma, but it is interesting to record that not only two French journals but others in Holland, in Gothenburg,

Sweden, in Germany, India, and across the Atlantic gave considerable reports to the subject. It reveals, if anything can do, the interest taken in the world at large in the Bacon-Shakespeare question of the dramatic personality of Francis Bacon. For the rest, any interview could have been only reported as the personal opinion of someone speaking in a private capacity.

* * *

What is the matter with the *Birmingham Mail*? A Mr. Aimwell Thomas, writing from the University Guild Club on April 25 last, got a letter published in that widely read journal in which he claimed that Shaksper of Stratford had been educated "at the famous and richly endowed King's School of Stratford-on-Avon," and that he had been "in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." As for his father, he was, in fact "a glover and whittawer, dealing with all grades of leather, as well as wool, timber and grain." He added that, "he was a man of wealth and substance who retained valuable properties until his death." Even Sir Sidney Lee, his biographer, who built up his hero's career with pure assumptions and invented inferences would have boggled at these glaring fictions! Mr. Edward Johnson, known to all our readers, a resident of Birmingham, and an invaluable watch-dog of the local press, wrote to Mr. Aimwell Thomas and asked for his authority for these statements. He said "There is no evidence that Shakespeare's father left a penny piece when he died, and it is generally considered that Shakespeare was taken away from school at a very early age in order to assist his father in his business. There is not a particle of evidence anywhere that Shakespeare received any education either at the local grammar school or elsewhere, and these two statements unless supported by evidence are of no more value than those of Aubrey and Beeston." We gather that Mr. Aimwell Thomas has since sought refuge in silence. He may have realised he betrayed his first name and did not 'aimwell'. But the *Birmingham Mail* which we have tried to elevate to appreciate the utter fallacies of Will Shaksper's adherents, should have known better than to publish such inexcusable nonsense. Let us inform that paper that very few residents in Stratford are believers in the myth that the un-educated corn-chandler who could not apparently even sign his name was the true Shakespeare. True, as the saying goes, no man is a prophet in his own country, but it appears to apply to the ordinary resident who has no financial stake in the tourist business of the false Shakespeare.

* * *

Demands on our space forbid any further references to the behind-the-times British Press on this question of Bacon-Shakespeare in this issue, but I venture to give a hint to the following effect: the French people, who are far more alert in such problems than we seem to be, are showing in various ways a new and vivid interest in the subject. No more can be said at this moment but the recognition of Bacon, in his true capacity, may hail from Paris with far-reaching results. Wait and see!

EDITOR

THE SOCIETY AND ITS POLICY

The following address was given by

MR. SYDNEY WOODWARD

on the occasion of his election as President
at the Annual General Meeting on June 22,

1950

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

I must thank you very much indeed, as I have told you earlier for the honour you have paid me. We are extremely sorry that Sir Kenneth Murchison found it impossible to carry on. A year ago he wished to resign but we persuaded him to continue for another year. Now he really feels his health is not good enough. I am very pleased to tell you he has agreed to come to our meetings whenever he can to give us the benefit of his advice and experience. As far as I am concerned, personally, I want to make it quite clear that I regard my election to the Chair entirely a tribute to my late Father, and my Uncle Parker Woodward, at whose feet I sat and had the privilege while they lived of listening to Sunday afternoon talks, and meeting many of the great Baconians of the past. I am also able to tell you one or two things which are unknown to any except the oldest members amongst us. I am fully aware how it was we came to lose that wonderful Library bequeathed to the London University, which was collected by the great philanthropist, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence. I remember why it was the Society nearly collapsed after his death, when you could count our members on the fingers of your two hands, and when our bank balance I believe was below £5. That was entirely due to internal dissension. One or two old members in the past were more interested in scoring a debating point, or to put it in modern language "pulling a fast one" over another member. That is one of the things I do not want to see happen again. I am perfectly convinced in my own mind that at all costs we must avoid these internal disputes, and I am going to do everything that lies in my power, as long as I am in the Chair, to stop any member or group of members, from sabotaging the work of past or present Baconians. I will not permit any fifth column in our midst. He that is not with us is against us.

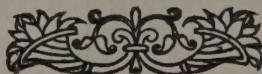
I am not going to use the old argument—Heredity versus Environment—but I think the way we have been brought up does affect our judgement considerably. If two persons looking at the same picture get a totally different idea regarding it, it does not follow that one or other of them must be wrong or a fool.

Parker Woodward was the elder brother, he was a lawyer and a classical scholar taking a great interest in the literary side of the Controversy. Frank Woodward was a lace manufacturer trained to observe minute differences in shape and form, and so concentrating on the cypher theory. For twenty-five years those two brothers worked

together each along his own line taking the other's word for granted. But what I want to assure you is that, over and over again, not once but a dozen times, have I heard one of them say—"Do you remember what you told me some years ago about so and so? You were right and here is my proof"—and he would show it.

This brings me to the Bi-Literal Cypher. I am prepared to tell you Ladies and Gentlemen, that my Father worked for years and years on the Gallup Cypher, and he could elucidate it—as he said himself—within 85 per cent. correct but never closer, because he said he started it too late in life. Therefore, he asked Mrs. Gallup to come over from America and help him to prove it by finding a story in some work never before attempted. Mrs. Gallup came and stayed with him. I am afraid it was rather pathetic to see an old lady groping about with a powerful magnifying glass trying patiently to read letters too small for her to identify, and after three months Mrs. Gallup said—"I am sorry I cannot do this work any longer, I am too old." And she returned to America. I am certain Mrs. Gallup was one of the straightest and a thoroughly honest woman. I do not believe she would say or write one single word if she did not believe it to be the truth, and nothing but the truth. And when anybody who has been a member of this Society for only a comparatively short time, dares to get up and suggests that the whole problem should be solved once and for all by employing one or two Foreign Office Cryptographers for a couple of months, I know perfectly well he is talking absolute nonsense.

I want to conclude by saying that, except for one or two members, we know the objects of the Society, and we all work along our own lines as far as possible. We have to realise whatever work we do, it will unquestionably be opposed by the Press and by the literary world, and perhaps they cannot be blamed. Journalists with the best of intentions to keep their ideals must support orthodoxy. How can a man be expected to write something which might lose him his job? It is quite possible some of us may think the work of certain others in the Society a bit far-fetched. It may be—but still why fight it? Sooner or later either it will be proved or die a natural death. I have no use for anybody who simply makes a bee line to damp everything following a purely destructive policy for they only succeed either in annoying our existing members or jeopardizing the work of the Society.



SIR TOBIE MATTHEW, KNIGHT

Francis Bacon's "*alter ego*"

By R. J. A. BUNNETT, F.S.A.

PART II

MATTHEW had met in France, George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, with whom he formed a strong friendship, and by the latter's influence the king at last consented to his return; it appears also that his mother "joyned" in intercession for him. Spedding says: "as a mediator both with Villiers, the Archbishop and the King, Bacon could be of great use . . . and it is plain that Matthew attributed the success of the mediation . . . in a great part to Bacon's zeal and judgment." It all seemed to turn on taking the oath of allegiance, for, though inexorably faithful to his new religion, Tobie appears to have remained perfectly loyal to England. At any rate in July 1616 leave was obtained, and subject to some conditions of restraint, he arrived home. Bacon probably had undertaken to be answerable for his conduct, for his friend stayed with him as his guest. George Gerrard, writing to Carleton, July 22nd, 1617, says:—"Toby Matthew is received with great grace by the Lord Keeper, and resides a kind of prisoner with him, until the return of the King."

John Chamberlain remarked:—"Perhaps he presumes upon my Lord Keeper's favour, which indeed is very great now at first, if it continues for he lodgeth him in York House, and carries him, the next week, along with him to Gorhambury, by St. Alban's." Writing again three weeks later, Chamberlain reports him still at Gorhambury, "being so exceedingly favoured and respected by that Lord, that it is thought '*aliquid nimium*' (somewhat excessive) that a man of his place should give countenance to one so affected. And some stick not to say that former private familiarity should give place to public respects." Clearly Bacon was no fair-weather friend; he did not share the narrow-minded scruples, or perhaps the timidity of Carleton, Chamberlain, Winwood and other intimates.

By October, Tobie had returned to London, and was observed to pay nightly visits to the Spanish Ambassador, Gondomar, the purport of which may have been the projected Spanish marriage. According to Anthony à Wood, he was generally regarded as a person of wit and polite behaviour, remarkable for his knowledge of the courts and politics of foreign nations. Matthew's familiarity with foreign tongues was employed at this time in the composition of a dedicatory preface addressed to Cosmo de Medici to an Italian translation of Bacon's Essays, and "*Wisdom of the Ancients*," in which, after some account of the author's career and position, and a description of his intellectual powers, Tobie goes on to say that "praise is not confined to the qualities of his intellect, but applies as well to those which are matters of the heart, the will, and moral virtue; being a man both sweet in his ways and conversation, grave in his judgments, invariable

in his fortunes, splendid in his expenses, a friend, unalterable to his friends; an enemy to no man; a most indefatigable servant to the King, and a most earnest lover of the Public; having all the thoughts of that large heart of his set upon adorning the age in which he lives, and benefiting, as far as possible, the whole human race."

It is interesting to note that in the second edition of this translation (1619), we find the Essay, "*On Seditions and Troubles*," which did not appear in English until the complete edition of the Essays was published six years later. It is suggested besides that Matthew was the inspiration of the Essay "*On Friendship*." Though coldly phrased these final thoughts are the expression of a love that had lasted through life and endured the deepest changes of fortune on both sides. "No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it . . ."

Tobie was not allowed to remain in London: the King, greatly annoyed at his continuous refusal to take the oath, ordered him to go into his father's custody at York. His Mother had not wholly abandoned hope of her son's return to Protestantism, and was greatly perturbed by rumours of a second banishment, which was actually ordered on the 17th December. Though amongst his old friends Matthew had succeeded in making many converts, there is no record of any efforts towards the conversion of Bacon—the man who spoke of him as his "other self". Compelled to leave England, he set out for Flanders, where he interested himself in the exiled religious orders, and from Brussels wrote to Bacon on Spanish affairs. And from the same city (4th April 1619) he relates in a letter to Bacon that Mr. Richard White ⁽⁵⁾ is now gone into England. "He tells me that Galileo had answered your discourse concerning the flux and reflux of the sea, and was sending it unto me; but that Mr. White hindered him, because his answer was grounded upon a false supposition, namely, that there was, in the ocean, a full sea, but once in 24 hours."

From letters to Lord Doncaster⁽⁶⁾ with whom he maintained a vigorous correspondence, may be gathered Matthew's anxiety to return home, and also his project of the attempted union of the Courts of England and Spain by the marriage of Prince Charles to the Infanta, Donna Maria. In a letter written from Brussels, 14th Feb. 1619, Tobie expresses his devotion and friendship to Bacon in the following terms:—"Most honoured lord, I am here at good leisure to look back upon your lordship's great and noble goodness towards me, which may go for a great example in this age; and so it doth. That which I

(5) He was a priest and had been Rector of the English College at Lisbon: in 1650 he returned to England and devoted himself to scientific pursuit and to literature. He was an intimate friend of Sir Kenelm Digby, Descartes, and Tobie Matthew.

(6) James Hay came to England with James I. Created Baron Hay in 1606, and Lord Hay of Lawley nine years later. Was many times employed in foreign political missions from 1616—1624, when he became Ambassador at Paris. Created Viscount Doncaster in 1618, and Earl of Carlise 1622. He died in 1636.

am sure of, is, that my poor heart, such as it is, doth not only beat, but even boil, in the desires it hath to do your lordship all humble service."

The year 1621 was one of the most memorable in Tobie Matthew's eventful life. It opened with the sorrowful event of the impeachment of Bacon, but terminated with the long sought permission for him to return unconditionally to England. Bacon's misfortune rather cemented than caused any diminution in their friendship. What Tobie wrote to his friend on hearing of the impeachment, and the issue of it, is unknown, but we may infer its tenor from the reply. He was still abroad, waiting impatiently for leave to return to England, which Digby was endeavouring to obtain for him. The following extract is from Matthew's *'Collection'*, and is entitled:—"A letter of Sir Francis Bacon to a servant of his (Toby Matthew) in expression of great acknowledgement and kindness." "Sir, I have been too long a debtor to you, for a letter, and especially for such a letter, the words whereof were delivered by your hand, as if it had been in old gold. For it was not possible for entire affection to be more generously and effectually expressed. I can but return thanks to you; or rather indeed, such an answer as may better be of thoughts than words. I hope God hath ordained me some small time, whereby I may redeem the loss of much. Your company was ever of contentment to me, and your absence of grief. I beseech you therefore make haste hither, where you shall meet with as good a welcome, as your own heart can wish."

Another letter from Bacon to Matthew, signed, "Fr. St. Alban", and dated from Gorhambury, 28th February, 1621, expresses the writer's intention to offer to my Lord Marquis (Buckingham) "My house and lands here at Gorhambury, a thing, which, as it is the best means I have now left to demonstrate my affection to his Lordship, so I hope it will be acceptable to him," and that he proposed to place the transfer in the hands of "My Lord Ambassador," (Gondomar) "I, that am a man of books," Bacon wrote, "have observed his Lordship to have the magnanimity of his own nation, and the cordiality of ours; and by this time I think he has the wit of both."

In Bacon's so-called *'Confession'* two items concern Tobie Matthew.

- (7) "In the cause between Holman and Yong, he received of Yong an hundred pounds after the decree made for him.

I confess and declare that, as I remember, a good while after the cause ended, I received an hundred pounds, either by Mr. Tobye Matthew, or from Yong himself.

- (14) He received of Sir Ralph Hansby, having a cause depending before him £500.

... the said five hundred pounds was delivered by Mr. Tobye Matthew; so I cannot deny, but it was upon the matter pendente lite."

During the year 1621 when Bacon's misfortunes were a heavy weight upon his mind, and whilst he still alternated between hopes and fears

relative to his return home, Matthew was negotiating with Rubens for pictures on behalf of the Prince of Wales' agent, Carleton. In 1629 the painter came to England, and was knighted by King Charles and commissioned to decorate the Whitehall banqueting-room.

On December 28th, 1621, the exile once more set foot on the land which he loved so ardently; Digby, now Earl of Bristol, having persuaded King James to issue his royal licence to him to return unconditionally. Self-interest doubtless was a special factor in his majesty's move—Tobie's help was required in the Spanish royal match. Both he and his friend, George Gage, were able linguists, and conversant with both the Roman and the Spanish Courts. It seems strange to think that the king permitted also, even invited a theological disputation between Dr. White and the 'recusant' Tobie Matthew in his presence.⁽⁷⁾ This was probably through the intervention of Buckingham's mother who had become a Catholic, and James even tried to bring about a reconciliation between the Archbishop of York and his son. Negotiations were in progress for the marriage of Prince Charles to the Spanish Infanta, and in May 1623 Tobie started for Madrid, and the tidings of Charles's arrival in Spain, most demonstratively greeted in that country, were met in England with strong expressions of disapproval. Among those who remonstrated with the monarch was the Archbishop of York.

Matthew appears to have scented danger: he wrote to the Duke of Buckingham exhorting him to return home without delay; the King, however, turned a deaf ear to all protestations. A letter, which Tobie took with him from Bacon to Buckingham, in which the writer asks that he might be taken back into favour and allowed to return to public life, describes Matthew as "a gentleman, so much your Lordship's servant, and to me, another myself." His 'alter ego' as the philosopher often described his friend. Bacon also wrote to Lord Bristol, the English Ambassador to Spain, and to Sir Francis Cottington in high terms of Tobie, and he also addressed to "Mr. Matthew into Spain" a highly important letter—"It is true," Bacon wrote, "My labours are mostly set to have those works, which I formerly published, as that of *Advancement of Learning*, that of *Henry VIII*, that of the *Essays*, being retractate, and made more perfect, well translated into Latin, by the help of some good pens, which forsake me not, for these modern languages will, at one time or another, play the bankrupt with books; and since I have lost much time with this age, I would be glad, as God shall give me leave, to recover it with posterity." It may be noted that Bacon only left the opening paragraph of a "History of Henry VIII," and it is certainly significant that 1623 was also the year of the First Folio, where the play of Henry VIII first appeared in print.

In a further letter Bacon wrote to his friend:—"I commend myself to you, hoping that you will do what in you lieth, to prepare the Prince and Duke, to think of me upon their return." On 26th

(7) Francis White, Dean of Carlisle, Bishop of Norwich, 1628 and of Ely, 1631.

June Prince Charles added to a letter written by Buckingham to the King the following postscript:—"In the midst of our serious business, littell prittie Tobie Matthew cumes to intreat us to deliver this letter to your M., which is, as he calls it, a pictur of the Infanta's drawn in blake and whyte. We pray you let none lase at it, but you selfe and honest Kate.⁽⁸⁾ He thinks he hath hitt the naille on the head, but you will find it foolishhest thing that ever you saw."⁽⁹⁾ Matthew also drew up a memorandum on "The Infanta's Character and Disposition."⁽¹⁰⁾ Bacon continued to write to Tobie in Spain, and often expressed the desire that "he might live in his Grace's (Buckingham's) remembrance," and that Tobie's mediation might prove helpful to his fortunes. By the end of August Matthew was very guardedly communicating his misgivings to Bacon. There was no disposition on the part of the Spaniards to hasten the marriage—the clergy and nobility were hostile, and all responsibility rested with Olivarez, the Prime Minister, Philip IV being only a youth of nineteen. Eventually negotiations ceased, and all parties returned home. Tobie Matthew for his services was knighted on October 23rd, 1623, at Royston.

For the time being he seems to have been living unostentatiously in the quiet practice of his religion, and about this period he wrote a letter to Bacon which contains the memorable passage:—"The most prodigious wit that I ever knew of my nation, and of this side the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another." furthermore, "I have received your great and noble token and favour of the 9th of April, and can but return the humblest of my thanks for your Lps. vouchsafing so to visit this poorest and unworthiest of your servants." Was this gift a copy of the First Folio? Sir Sidney Lee has no grounds for assuming that Tobie was abroad when this letter was written, but though no date is given, it is at least highly probable that he wrote it after his return home from Spain.

He was for some time now busily engaged in the controversy—in which Bacon was consulted—over the suggested appointment of Bishops to the Catholic Church in England; and he probably had some hand in the concessions granted to English Catholics which Cardinal Richelieu demanded as a condition for the marriage treaty of Prince Charles with Henrietta Maria. Shortly before the ceremony, Matthew had gone to France and had the honour to be chosen to act as the young Queen's interpreter, for she spoke no English.

The early part of 1626 was a time of much sorrow to Sir Tobie, who had meanwhile been assiduous in proselytizing, and had been instrumental in many notable conversions, for Bacon, the friend, who had been the guiding star of his life, died—at least to all intents and purposes. By his Will, dated December 19th, 1625, Bacon made the following bequest:—"I give to my ancient good friend Sir Tobie Matthew, some ring, to be bought for him, to the value of thirty pounds."

(8) The Duchess of Buckingham

(9) Harleian MSS. 6987

(10) Harleian MSS 1576 f.280.

During the period which led up to the assassination of Buckingham in 1628, Matthew appears to have continued in favour with the King and Queen, and according to his own account written ten years later, he spent some time with his parents at York, in the unsuccessful effort to win them over to the Faith. On 29th March, 1628, the Archbishop died at Cawood Castle, to be followed next year by his wife. The son inherited only a piece of old Plate, and his father left a note reminding him that "he had given him above fourteen thousand Pounds." His mother bequeathed him a ring set with Eleven Diamonds, given her by King Charles I, and it is stated intended him to have her husband's Library, had he not disinherited his son, so the books instead went to the Library of York Minster.

For some time after his parents' decease, it is not known what Sir Tobie was doing, but it is certain he still enjoyed Court favour, and whilst his main object in life was the furthering of the Catholic cause, he did not allow this to interfere with his duties as a courtier and diplomat. In 1633 he became Secretary to Viscount Wentworth on his first visit to Ireland as Lord Deputy, and he must have paid another visit some years later, as according to a "Declaration of the Commons," assembled in Parliament on July 25th, 1643, it was stated—"In March 1639, the Earl of Strafford carried with him into Ireland, Sir Toby Matthews (*sic*), a notorious, pernicious English Jesuited Priest (banished at the beginning of this Parliament upon the importunity of both Houses)"

A year later Sir Tobie returned to England, and seems to have engaged in his usual activities until the Court began to take notice of his religious influence and propaganda, instigated thereto probably by Archbishop Laud. He became a constant subject of remark and comment, the most insignificant of his proceedings being magnified and misrepresented; squib and lampoons appeared, in which his name was freely bandied about, and ridiculous charges were circulated to inflame popular prejudice against him. At length he was mentioned in Parliament as an "obnoxious recusant," and in 1640 Prynne published his "Hidden Works of Darkness" giving the copy of a forged "letter from Pope Urban VIII to Sir Tobie Matthew," from which it appeared that he was regarded by the Curia as a member of the Society of Jesus. The Puritans deemed the time ripe when his activities must be checked, and accordingly charges were invented against him: a warrant was therefore issued for his arrest. Mr. Secretary, Windebank reported his apprehension to the King—6th Oct. 1640.

Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, on November 11th was impeached by Pym, in the name of the Commons, at the Bar of the Lords, and taken into Custody. Windebank, who had signed warrants for the protection of recusants, and the release of imprisoned priests, fled to France, whilst Sir Tobie withdrew to Raglan Castle, where by acting as Senior Chaplain to the Earl of Somerset, afterwards Marquess of Worcester, his friend and patron, he openly acknowledged his priesthood. Both Houses petitioned the King to banish Matthew once

more, and he and Sir Basil Brooke were ordered to appear as delinquents before the House of Commons, but Sir Tobie escaped to Flanders, where he found refuge at the house of the English Jesuits at Ghent, among the numerous exiles from England. Archbishop Laud had already been sent to the Tower. Among the charges made against him was the following:—"Sir Toby Matthew, a most dangerous, seducing, active Priest and Jesuit, who had a hand in the gunpowder plot, was frequent with him (Laud) at Lambeth, White-hall, and other places, eating oft with him, at his table, riding sometimes very familiarly with him in his coach, and going with him in his barge." On 12th May, 1641, the Earl of Strafford, Matthew's friend and patron, was beheaded.

When Sir Tobie crossed the Channel for the last time in 1642, he had attained his 65th year, and his declining days were spent among his friends in Belgium, and were chiefly devoted to literary labours in the interests of religion. Sir Edward Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon) corresponded frequently with him, and in writing to Lord Cottington in 1646, mentions Matthew's intended publication of his "Collection of Letters." All that he could now do was to endeavour by means of letters of encouragement to cheer and console his suffering co-religionists, and Hyde, though no lover of Catholicism, sought his advice in the hope of the Restoration which he was anxious to promote.

On 13th October, 1655, whilst still staying at the House of the English Tertiaries of the Society of Jesus at Ghent, Sir Tobie Matthew died in his 79th year, without witnessing any decline in Cromwell's authority, or the dawn of the Restoration on which his hopes were fixed. It appears, although he may not have joined the Society until after his final banishment, that he was a member of it at the date of his death. By his Will he left Wat Montague, now a priest permanently residing in Paris in the train of Henrietta Maria, the task of preparing all his religious writings for the press. Staunch to his friends, sincere in his religious convictions, loyal to his King and Country, even if in his zeal for furthering the interests of his Church and his co-religionists he occasionally stooped to dissimulation, his aims were high and disinterested, and the verdict of Marcus Aurelius, "The measure of a man's worth is the worth of his aims", may justly be applied to Sir Tobie Matthew.

The "Collection of Letters," edited by Dr. John Donne, though how it came to pass that he became possessed of them is not apparent, was dedicated to Lady Carlisle. The majority of the letters, down to page 295, consist of correspondence between Bacon and Matthew, but have suffered severe manipulation. The first 24, occupying 57 pages, are acknowledged as Bacon's though only 12 of them are addressed to Sir Tobie, who in all cases omits his own name. The remaining number, which can only by supposition be regarded as Bacon's to Matthew, or vice versa, are anonymous, but so altered that internal evidence is little if any help in deciding their authorship. Moreover they are printed hap-hazard without any reference to date, doubtless by design in order to conceal more effectually the identity of the writers.

“SHAKE-SPEARE” AND “MOLIÈRE”

By ELIZABETH M. FRASER

The article we print below is the translation of the close of a statement published by Miss Fraser in the French daily *Le Monde* in September 1949, in which she affirms to the readers of that important journal that in the same disguise as Francis Bacon wrote the plays under the name of Shakespeare, Pierre Corneille, another genius, used the name of Molière, then living.—EDITOR.

“ . . . the two enigmas, the Stratford *factotum*'s genius and the age-long success of the Parisian producer (Molière) are but two moments in a past problem, two instances of a literary phenomenon unknown or little known even in our own day, by reason of which we, on both sides of the Channel, are the victims of a practical joke played on us by the past, and by reason of which Francis Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare as surely as Pierre Corneille did those signed Molière.

“We must go back to the Renaissance. The fugitive Greeks brought into Italy, with the knowledge of the ancient literatures, the practice of metonomasia, the changing, almost always by latinisation, by authors of their names. Throughout the XVIth century the practice, rendered more necessary by the Reformation and by new ways of thinking, all exposed to repression, spread to France and to all Europe, and grew from a mere literary convention into a redoubtable weapon for thought. Those who had something secret to say, or who wished to remain hidden, acquired the habit of bringing out their books with no name (anonyms), or under an assumed name (pseudonyms), or under the name of a living contemporary (allonyms). Shakespeare and Molière are “authors” of the third type.

“Very often we find this proceeding coupled with a satirical intention. It may be called a satirico-humanist virus. The complete silence which appears to accompany its action is what astonishes us most . . . It is easy to see when Francis Bacon was inoculated with this virus: it must have been during his stay in France, from 1576 to 1579, as a young embassy attaché. At the court of Henry III, as of Henry of Navarre, he underwent influences which put their stamp on his life and developed his mind . . .

“From a certain point of view all this is very awkward . . . On the other hand I am of the opinion that the human race of our time can feel itself an inch taller at the thought that there is no such thing as a spontaneous, unlettered genius. The honey contained in those two dramatic works, Bacon's and Corneille's, comes from the flowers that grow on Parnassus, long and often plundered. Only the fellowship of books together with a clear-sighted knowledge of their contemporary society, can explain the wisdom of those two sages. Solitary study thus comes into its own again, and a fresh gust of glory blows through all the libraries in the world.”

BACON, SELENUS AND SHAKESPEARE

A REVEALING LINK

By PIERRE HENRION

Agrégé de l'Université de France.

Me legat invitus nemo, non scripsimus illi:

Huic scripta est si quem pagina nostra juvat. (1)

"GUSTAVUS SELENUS"

IT certainly *does* happen that the Detective-Inspector in charge of the case simply stumbles upon the piece of evidence that will bring the culprit to book or on the contrary that he has his mere flair to thank for his reaching the goal. But most often things are not so romantic and the investigator finds the missing piece of the puzzle where a hard and painstaking study of the facts has led him to look for it. And so it goes with the man who tackles the Baconian puzzle for it has been devised by a master mind, craftily but coherently. Vague hints as well as decisive pieces of evidence have not been planted haphazard or unconsciously but each time in relation to a general scheme and in appliance of general principles supported by unrivalled knowledge of the art of concealing.

Some people conceal by necessity, some through dishonesty, others for pleasure, namely the pleasure of satisfying one of the primary impulses of human nature, to speak of man alone. To have things of your own, quite your own; to show them as a great favour to a privileged few; to create a world outside everybody's world and separated from it by the long secret passage of initiation: who, among us, has never felt that urge at some time or other of his, or her, life? Bacon was brought to cryptomania by hard necessity. He went to the utmost limits of it for pleasure. As soon as circumstances had forced him into it, he saw in cryptology a wide scope for his powers of analysis, his taste for experimentation, his sense of architecture. There he could exert the rigours of the logician and give play to the unbounded fancy of the poet, all in one and the same activity, without forgetting that touch of Byzantinism inseparable of the Renaissance mind.

What I called the Baconian puzzle ought really to have been named a labyrinth or better a perfectly organized and fantastic secret castle with its exits and its entrances, its blind passages and its booby-traps. For many a year now I have been "burrowing like a mole" in those labyrinthine ways, slowly but systematically, groping, stumbling, swinging from hope to disillusionment and back again as must befall one who insists on starting from scratch and disregarding everything written on a subject. The portrait I submit to-day to the readers of BACONIANA was somewhere on my way and, as usual, answering a purpose and in the right place. It was not discovered

(1) "Let no one read me reluctantly. We have not written for him. Our work has been written for such as like it." (Dedication in back of title page.)

totally by chance. As for many other things I was *led* to it or, to be more accurate, led to the neighbourhood. Luck did the rest.

Gustavus Selenus' book, *Cryptomenytices et Cryptographiae* (1624 if the title-page is to be believed) is well known to all Baconians since the day when Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence brought it to light. It is—or purposes to be—a compendium of everything known (at the time) on the art of concealing, special stress being laid on cryptography. As the author appears to be perfectly well versed in his subject, his omissions are even more interesting than his statements.

I was in the *Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris*, a few years ago, poring over the book, baffled, as so very often, by the man who had taken me there by the hand to a piece of his puzzle I wanted at the moment and who, suddenly, had left me in the lurch. (The reader may imagine Edgar Allan Poe taking him to the skull in the *Gold Bug* and wilfully pointing to the *wrong* eye). This is a very frequent dodge with Bacon. It corresponds to the *litterae otiosae* in cryptography. It is in the rules of the game and if you bear him any ill-will for such tricks you will soon lose that precious patience which is of the essence in investigation. Well, I made a note that all the extant copies of the book I could ever approach or have microfilmed would have to be scrutinized,—one more of those depressing *routine* jobs. Of course I began at once by the other copies in the *Bibliothèque* itself.

In one of these copies (*Rés.* v 698), more luxuriously bound than the others (and probably never consulted as it is in the reserve and other copies are more readily available) I was unexpectedly confronted by a revised and improved edition of the Droeshout travesty of the 1623 Shakespeare Folio which is, as every reader knows, one of the very few easy ‘entrances’ into the labyrinth. In both the *Selenus* and the Folio portraits the front view of the doublet is composed in reality of the back and front view of the *same* shoulder, side by side. But in the German book the technique is much more refined and you could easily overlook the artifice if listlessly fingering the book in a second-hand bookshop. But when you discover a portrait designed and engraved for the production of possibly *one* copy (for I have not heard of any other since) and that copy facing the frontispiece of a book *on the art of concealing*, what can you do but sit up and take notice? Even the good Sir Sidney Lee might have scrutinized it without any fear of passing for an over-imaginative reader of shilling thrillers. That the technique should be more refined than in the clownish travesty of the Folio (—of the year before! at least apparently) is only too natural. Would it be meet to portray a Prince in a ridiculous guise? For the portrait tells us we are looking at no less than Prince Augustus, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, alias *Gustavus Selenus*, and it adds: *expende*, weigh and observe carefully. *Weigh and observe carefully*? So, would there really be people silly enough to put in a drawing more than meets the eye? A disturbing thought! If we must look behind appearances, pray, where is the world of orthodoxy going? What shall we hear next? That the earth revolves round the sun (as some silly foreigner had the cheek to

pretend once, as if he hadn't got eyes to see for himself) or maybe that the Bard didn't write his own plays! And does this portrait ask us to believe that there could be such a thing as a Renaissance grandee not putting his name to a book of his for the public at large to see and applaud? And not only using a pen name but having the book written by another? A dangerous precedent which might induce unsteady minds to the wildest conjectures, as if everything was not above board in those times! Shall we nevertheless comply with the Latin imperative and have a closer look at this challenging portrait?

Taking the row of buttons of the doublet as axis of . . dissymmetry there are three vertical braids to the Prince's left side (right side for observer), only two on the other side. That is not the only sign that the better half of the man is one good step higher in aristocratic hierarchy than his less exalted half. The flowers on the well-lit side (in all symbolic pictures of the time, light stands for deceitful appearance, shade for concealed truth) are gorgeous and princely. Not so those of the dark side which are simpler and of a *different* nature. Even a "faulty sense of perspective," surely, would not turn a cabbage into a carrot? For you must know that "a faulty sense of perspective" is the explanation with which Stratfordians airily dismiss the inversions on Shakespeare's portraits,—the work of underpaid tyros.

This time the details of the engraving reveal a good enough draughtsman. So why has he made one half of the chest so much more powerful than the other? Compare the distance between buttons and *nearest point* of curved sleeve-top on each side. The way the arms branch off the trunk is hardly consistent. It would take all the bad faith, or perverted good faith, of some Stratfordians I know to dismiss the blatant dissymmetries as the outcome of the engraver's lack of skill. Strangely enough, the same personage, on the title-page, has a perfectly normal doublet though at a diminutive scale—which makes it more difficult to draw.

The next question is: Has the face been tampered with? Since the Prince's body has been arranged with all the regard due to his rank we must expect that if the face has been faked the technique has been still more careful and discreet. The first clue is provided by the ocular sacs (inside corner of each eye). They can hardly belong to the same person, even one of those persons with a dual personality in their faces. One eye is larger than the other and the difference is more than perspective can allow for, chiefly if vertical measurements are considered. *If both halves of the face are hidden successively, we see, on one side, a powerful square face of Teutonic build, on the other side a very old man with a long tired face.*

The portrait has been submitted to an expert iconographer, Mr. John Clennell, who says: "There appears to be differences in the size of the pupils of the eyes and the outer angle of the eyebrow,—the 'Bacon' side is flatter than the 'Duke's.' But what is most striking is the lower lip. Here, as would be expected, the artist had difficulties in combining the thin ascetic lips of 'Bacon' with the coarser

type which we would expect to see in the Duke's type of face. He compromised and so produced a distortion. This composite picture, in my opinion, was carried out by one or more of the Dutch artists, the Van Somer brothers or Daniel Metteus, and engraved by the Droeshout group."

Let us turn now to the point raised by Mr. Clennell's inverted commas. Who is the mysterious *alter ego*? As Bacon's hand appears in many places in the book, at least to the trained eye, he is the first man the investigator will think of. But it was not easy for the designer of the portrait to depict two so widely different faces as the Prince's and the Philosopher's in a seemingly single picture. And all the more so as the Prince's face had priority, the engraving being avowedly a likeness of him, making it impossible to fake *his* side to a great extent. Moreover, the hair, the moustache and the beard could hardly be made dissymmetrical. In spite of this the cunning artist succeeded in bringing out a good suggestion of the philosopher. Bacon seems to have aged much since the Van Somer days but still the half face looks more like him than, say, the 1671 portrait of *Resuscitatio* which professes to represent his monument. The tired look of an aged man on the verge of his grave could explain the lack of lustre in the somewhat extinguished eye, so different from the glaring, bulging eye of the Prince.

I conducted a little test with a party of French children who had never even heard the name of Bacon (I doubt if an English fourth form boy knows much about Pascal or Leibnitz!). I showed them over St. Michael's church, Gorhambury, refraining from any comment on Bacon's monument. Then I produced the half of the portrait which concerns the Prince,—to their utter lack of recognition. When I produced the other half, they pointed to Bacon's statue, saying: "*Mais c'est cet homme là-bas, Monsieur!*"

Your reaction will probably be the same if you compare the left half of Selenus' face to the left half of the *avowed* likeness of Bacon in the 1627 *Sylva Sylvarum* (Brit. Mus. 982 f 14) which we reproduce. You should cover the top of Selenus' forehead with the tip of a finger to compensate for the hat in the *Sylva Sylvarum* portrait.

You will notice that the asterisk at the top of the oval, in the faked portrait, is *slightly awry*. This was done *on purpose*. If you follow the *almost* vertical axis of symmetry of the asterisk with a ruler, it will fall plumb right on the neck opening. This has been engineered by the astute designer as a clue to the correct division of the face. As the transition between two faces cannot be so abrupt, it is advisable, when comparing with Bacon's portrait, to go slightly to the left. But once you are satisfied it is the same man, you may return to the dividing line so cleverly arranged for the observer.

If you want one more hint that the man here concerned is Bacon count the *black* interspaces between the little white V-shaped designs of the two braids to the left of the row of buttons. (To be counted as one, an interspace must be limited by *two* whites). You notice that the exterior braid counts 33 which is *Bacon* in "simple cipher." The

total of the two braids is 67 which is *Francis*. The total of the three braids to the right of the buttons is 100, which is *Francis Bacon*. All this of course may be pure coincidence and poetical fiction! The snag is that you meet so many coincidences in Renaissance books. The only way out is to conclude that the laws of probabilities have changed considerably since the 17th century and then you leave it to the mathematicians to explain *that* away.

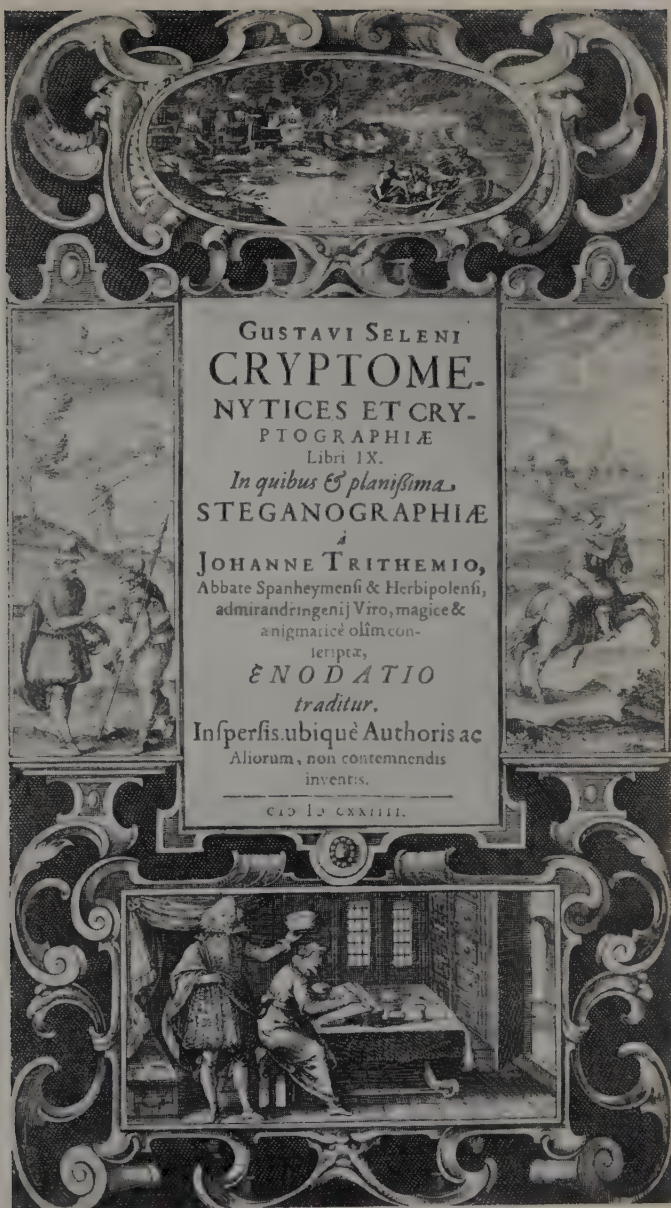
Take the *words* in *capital* letters in the quatrain at the bottom. Count the letters (w=double u=2). Hasn't the 33rd letter a "unique" appearance? Dismiss it as an accident. Around the portrait, count one *on* the strangely capped *I* of GRATIA, count the comma, and Æ as two. What strange thing do you notice on the 33rd letter? And now, count one *on* this letter, count *every* typographical sign, however small. Do not forget the asterisk. Ampersand counts as two, so "etc." counts as four. What happens on the 33rd sign? What a clumsy engraver to leave such blemishes! And have you ever seen such *rythmical* clumsiness? Count one on this M, count every typographical sign. Stop short before the *I* you started from on your little tour but pass to the "*expende*" and its final dot. How many do you count? Just coincidences and childish play . . . The horizontal *hachures* on which *expende* is written, not counting the top one which delimits the area together with the lower part of the oval, amount to—you have guessed the number!

I shall leave to the reader the pleasure of exploring further by himself as I want to escape alive if some worthy Professors of my acquaintance ever hear of this article but *trained* and *experienced* investigators will see in it things which make it "fit" into the whole scheme of Bacon's lifelong subterranean construction. Let me turn instead to the layman who wants to stick to his common sense and finds himself bewildered between the cross fires of the contestants in that nebulous affair of Shakespeare, Bacon, Cryptology and what not. After all you cannot expect him to repudiate official teachings without misgivings. It is not everybody that can devote years of study to the question and, I can tell you, it is, as Bacon has it, great weariness of the flesh. Who then can reproach the layman who feels that the bottom is going to fall out of things with following the "respectable" people who, conscious of their "mature" minds and sound "critical" sense take the *beau role* and listen with a smile of patronizing contempt to the childish prattle of those who have read too many Fu-Manchu stories and *will* find hidden meanings everywhere? The men of the Renaissance, they say, had better things to do than play silly games of hide and seek! But if those respectable people will kindly notice the fact that no other period has produced so many books on cryptography, books that they can still see with their eyes and touch with their hands in libraries, does not the simple logic of their superficially rational minds turn against them? I have a French encyclopaedia, published in 1884, when France was totally innocent of Baconian theories. In a modest article of 19 lines on cryptography, seven books are mentioned as worth of being consulted by the 1884 people . . . and

five out of the seven range from 1586 to 1644! So, little progress had been made since then. But the 19th century and the present disfavour is no proof that it was not the craze at some earlier period. If two centuries after us crosswords are forgotten, probably our descendants will never believe that the *Observer* could inflict so many weekly headaches. For it takes an exceptional historical mind to forget the prejudices and mentality of the present. Just think, dear reader, *before* crosswords were invented, *something* must have held its place in man's mind, always eager to torture itself. Believe me, somewhere between Kabbalah and Twenty Questions, there was a time for cryptomania, and my French work tells you when that time was! And at that time it ranged from the childish delights of "Ba, Ba, pueritia, with a horn added" to the niceties of Rosicrucian secret signs.

Is it so ridiculous to look for secret messages from people who wrote so many books about them? Is it so inane to pretend to find any in those very books which professed to teach the art of concealing a message? On the contrary, it would be absence of tricks from a professional conjurer which would sound improbable, even to a traditional University don.

Is it not significant, then, that the trick of the 1623 Folio, dismissed by conservative scholars as accidental, should have been used *privately* (in one or a *very few* copies) by an avowed professor of cryptography, almost contemporaneously, but in Germany? and that two applications of the same method should be found in two books in which Bacon was suspected to have had a hand *long before* even Baconians suspected the existence of that revealing link, the Prince's portrait? Being given the similitude with the 1623 portrait, what additional corroboration do you want of the hypothesis that the engravings on the title-page of Gustavus Selenus' book symbolically represent, beside Bacon, a "Shake-spear" and a "Shake-spur"? Have a slightly over exposed negative made of what the man at the bottom of the title-page is writing. Examine it with a powerful binocular magnifying glass. It will not jump to your eye as a neon sign in Piccadilly circus. It is not meant to. But you will have an idea that a fanatic *might* construe it as "F B" in flowing capitals and then "Ros" (*F Bacon, Fra Rosicrosse*). You need not believe your eyes. If the seeds of doubt are sown, I shall be content. Now if you want to know the exact ratio of the collaboration of Bacon and the spear-carrying messenger, look carefully at the tree above Bacon's head on the left engraving of the page. Use a magnifying glass. You will notice that the trunk of the tree is composed of two independent trunks, twisted round each other and arising out of two well-separated roots. The twisting is carefully rendered so that each half-trunk can be followed without risk of error. One of them ends in a single abortive leafless branch, the other in a fully leaved, luxuriant tree. This, and the presence of two heads of animals between the roots, has been confirmed to me by a science specialist (*agrégé de sciences naturelles*) who did not know anything about the document submitted to him.



The Title-Page of Gustavus Selenus. Lower cut represents the Duke of Brunswick and Francis Bacon. The others depict the despatch of the great work, with the Duke instructing his messenger.



The last-known Portrait of Francis Bacon, Frontispiece to his *Sylva Sylvarum*, 1626. Reproduced for comparison with Portrait on page facing.



Portrait ostensibly of the Duke of Brunswick, Frontispiece of a rare edition of Gustavus Selenus in German. Claimed to be a composite portrait, shown by white line dividing the features, the right half depicting the Duke, the left Bacon, now an aged man. Note also reversed sleeve as in the Droeshout Portrait. (By permission of the Service Photographique Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris).



The Duke of Brunswick and Francis Bacon. An enlargement of the drawing at base of title-page to Gustavus Selenus. It indicates the features of the two men more clearly. Note the hat or mitre held over the writer's head and the latter's absorption as though completing his task with urgency.

The animal near the sterile root has ears strongly suggestive of Stratfordian symbolism.

To return to the portrait, it may be safely surmised that some time, probably when Bacon was nearly dying, therefore a long time after the publication of the book under the pen name (and, by the way, Rosicrucian name) of Gustavus Selenus (Gustavus is the anagram of Augustus and Selenus the translation of Luneburg or "Moontown") a very limited number of copies of the portrait was printed to be added as an *in memoriam* to copies of the book destined to intimate friends of both authors. Personally I feel great pleasure in imagining that I have here a last glimpse of my friend Bacon passing away from this world after his years of seclusion.

At the bottom of the title-page of the book you can see him in his confinement—behind the *barred* windows—near the Prince his host⁽¹⁾ who holds up a cap over his head in a protecting gesture. A *curtain* had been momentarily drawn aside, to let the reader see him in his retreat. The door, *wide open*, shows that the imprisonment is voluntary. What powerful motive could have led a man to stage his death, leave a few wood-shavings in his tomb and fly abroad to darkness and oblivion? It hardly stands to reason—outside Phillips Oppenheim books! And yet it is one of the current motives that still drive honest people to suicide every day. To divulge it now would be premature. The book is dated 1624 so as to make some definite people believe that it had been written before the author's "demise." The real date would have revealed he was still alive. Traditional scholars and Stratfordians can still have a few years to sneer at that part of the story. Let them enjoy the sneering while the sneering is good. Time works against them. Whatever the success of their delaying actions, they are fighting a losing battle. Already the younger generation for whom a new outlook on the literary production of Renaissance England does not amount to a Copernician upheaval of long-rooted beliefs is readier to admit that there *is* a problem.⁽²⁾ When man *admits* that there is a problem, he is well on his way to solve it. That "insoluble" French tantalizer of the Man with the Iron Mask appears to have been definitely solved. A solution of the Shakespeare problems, excluding all possible doubts, annihilating all the arguments that cavilling and bad faith can suggest, will come in time though the present writer may not see the day. The master mind which engin-

(1) The dissymmetry inherent to the faking of the main portrait gives the Duke a rather sinister face. In this little engraving his face is perfectly regular and innocuous.

(2) We must remember that M. Pierre Henrion, despite his racy article on a most absorbing discovery on his part, and possessing also a perfect command of the English language, is himself of Gallic birth. Whether the younger generation in England is becoming readier to admit that there is a problem in regard to the Shakespeare Plays, to say nothing of the mystery of Francis Bacon, is, we fear dubious or, at least premature. M. Henrion may be judging from the French youth, who, it may be mentioned as we believe on good authority, today are taught that there is a big query mark after the name "Shakespeare," and, of further interest that Queen Elizabeth was morgantically married.

eered—in self-defence—the amazing puzzle that literally and bi-literally confronts us has seen to this. Not only he left his good name to “foreign nations and the next ages” in his will but he left those the means to insure his full vindication. If he had not been betrayed by cowardly people who hastily put back the light under the bushel when that light flared before their bewildered eyes at the appointed time, the day of unanswerable revelation would be long past now and the glorified herring-box where *Richard II* is played without a real key to its meaning would not disfigure the banks of the Avon.

Bacon spent his youth and many years of his latter life on the site of the only Roman theatre extant in England. There will his plays find one day their crowning glory.



THE BI-LITERAL CYPHER OF FRANCIS BACON

BY EDWARD D. JOHNSON

(Continued from previous number)

FROM *Sir John Oldcastle* AND *The Merchant of Venice*,
J. ROBERTS' EDITION, 1600

"In the stage plays, the oldest or earliest devices prove these twenty plays to have been put upon our stage by the actor that is supposed to sell dramas for values, yet 'tis rightly mine own labour.

"I am base if, not law but evil governed my mother Elizabeth, as she joined herself in a union with Robert Dudley, whilst the oath sworn to one as beloved yet bound him. I have been told he aided in the removal of this obstruction, when turning on that narrow treacherous step, as is natural, she lightly leaned upon the rail, fell on the bricks—the paving of a court, and so died. It is, I greatly fear, as true even as it is mysterious, and left a foul blot that is clinging yet to his name.

"To my decipherer, it is his part to take the hidden secret from this outer false covering with which it is disguised and give it to a posterity that is distant. In truth, a man's thorough opening thus to a friend all that his brain conceiveth, or the soul is conscious of will oft save his reason. He will eat his heart in lonely musings.

"This cannot be otherwise, with one knowing that he is heir apparent to this Kingdom outraged, wronged, dishonoured by one whose maternal love was not of so great strength as a desire for power. In such a son, the wisest our age this far hath shown—pardon prithee so unseemly a phrase I must speak it here—the mother should lose self vanity and be actuated only by a desire for his advancement. With Elizabeth, it is not marked. A son can never share in regal and governing duties; but Essex at one time grew very arrogant having for a fair season our gay mère's honorable and sustaining favour and the ardent interest of our père."

Here Bacon tells us that the first twenty plays were put forth in the name of William Shakespeare. He also refers to the fact that Elizabeth and Dudley went through a marriage service while Amy Robsart was still alive and refers to her death, engineered no doubt by Dudley at the instigation of Elizabeth, as Francis Bacon was born shortly afterwards. He also refers to Essex's arrogance which was ultimately the cause of his execution for treason.

FROM *A Declaration of the Treasons attempted and committed by the Earl of Essex*, 1601, FRANCIS BACON

"Queen Elizabeth and Robert, the Earl of Leicester, were joined lawfully in wedlock before my coming. Essex was also son unto Her Majesty and a brother bred, bone, blood, sinews as my own, was sentenced to death by that mère and my own counsel. Yet this truth must at some time be known; had I not thus allowed myself to give some countenance to the arraignment and subsequent trial as well as the sentence, I must have lost the life that I held so priceless. Life to a scholar is but a pawn to mankind."—FR. B.

Here we are told that Elizabeth and Dudley went through a second marriage ceremony on the death of Amy Robsart to legitimise Bacon. Bacon was forced to appear against Essex by the Queen, or lose his own life, which he refused to do until he had completed his life's work.

FROM *The Advancement of Learning*, 1605

"My stage plays have all been disguised (to wit many in Greene's name or in Peele's, Marlowe's, a few such as the Queen's Masques and others of this kind published for me by Jonson, my friend and co-worker) since I relate a secret History therein. It surely must prove that they are the work of my hand when you, observing this variety of forms, find out the cipher so devised to aid a decipherer, in the study of the interior history. On me it does impose a great labour but the part you shall do shall be much lighter. It would weary the veriest clod; when however, it shall be completed my joy will exceed the past weariness. It can but be seen that I have undertaken great labour on behalf of men for the further advancing of knowledge, awaiting a time when it shall be in every tongue as in our own. You, no doubt, approve the efforts I make in the cause of all students of a language and learning, that is yet in its boyhood, so to speak. The inward motive is noble, as it cometh only from a pure love of the people, without a wrong or selfish thought of my right to rule this Kingdom as her supreme governor, but this deathless inalienable royal right doth exist.

"Queen Elizabeth, the late Sovereign, wedded secretly the Earl my father at the Tower of London and afterwards at the house of Lord P.⁽¹⁾ this ceremony was repeated, but not with any of the pomp and ceremony that sorteth well with queenly espousals, yet with a sufficient number of witnesses. I therefore being the first born of this union should sit upon the throne. A fox seen often at our court in the form and outward appearance of a man named Robert Cecil—the hunch-back, must answer at the divine arraignment to my charge against him, for he dispoiled me ruthlessly. The Queen, without doubt, having some natural pride in her offspring, might often have shown us no little attention; had not the crafty fox aroused in that tiger-like spirit the jealousy that did so torment the Queen that neither night nor day brought her respite from such suggestion about my hope that I might be England's King. He told her my endeavours were all for sovereignty and honour and he bade her observe the strength, breadth and compass, at an early age, of the intellectual powers I displayed, implying that my gifts would thus, no doubt, uproot her, because I would, like Absolom, steal away the people's hearts and usurp the throne whilst my mother was still alive. The terrors he conjured up could by no art be exorcised and many trials came therefrom, not alone in youth but in my early manhood."—SIR F.

Here Bacon refers to his plays published under the names of other men, also to his desire to educate the common people. Once more he refers to his royal birth and to his inveterate enemy Robert Cecil, and to Cecil's influence over Queen Elizabeth.

FROM *King Lear*, 1608, QUARTO

"No one in whose spirit is no love of power will know the nature

(1) Lord Pembroke

of the flame in my wild spirit. The death of recent date of my mother Queen Elizabeth should put me upon the Royal chair of England, because born in lawful wedlock, I am by the rights of birth, true sovereign: I ask only justice but Divine, ay, God given right. Honour that had by precedent usage and by law long appertained unto the first born son of the sovereign, was denied me in the life time and in direct pursuance and fulfilment of the wishes of Her Majesty—my mother. No fame could hold up brighter temptation than this that hath most oft been refused—power and in transferring our sceptre to the King of Scotland, Her Majesty's intention and wish was to put it where it could not be wrought by any outstretched arm. Beating in my brain with this injustice which the years can have no soothing influence upon, there is the memory of that fate, by far more sad, cruel and unjust than this, met by rash Robert. It must be acknowledged that the crime for which he suffered could not any wise be palliated by his past services or bravery, but had a signet ring that he did desire to present reached Elizabeth, Robert the so madly loved, might have received a royal remittance, inasmuch as it was her well-known seal and token. This did fail, however, to act as peacemaker as it came not, for good reason, to Her Majesty's eyes. Dreadful was her passion of anger and her bootless sorrow of heart on finding that our proud hero had so stooped and was not met. As he had been led to believe he had but to send the ring to her and the same would at a moment's warning bring rescue or relief; he relied vainly, alas, on this promised aid. A bitter grief it was, not the less because he was far dearer, as you know, though but a younger child, than one as worthy her love who is the heir."—SIR FRA. B.

Here Bacon records the episode of the ring which Elizabeth had given her son Essex, telling him to send it to her if any time he required aid. Essex sent this ring to the Countess of Nottingham to be forwarded to Elizabeth, but the Countess at the instigation of Cecil kept it back, so Essex was executed. On her death bed the Countess sent for the Queen and confessed her guilt. The Queen returned to her palace broken-hearted refused all food and shortly afterwards died.

FROM *Titus Andronicus*, 1611

"Few thought an adoptive heir and supposed son to Sir Nicholas Bacon wrote stage plays, and it was to make only our decipherer know of our new drama that we published ought without the so-called author's name upon the page. But knowing also that truth crushed by its one strong enemy, error, cometh up in fresher vigour, whilst truth in obscurity hidden oft remaineth long enwrapt from sight, most plays we have sent out before our new one, had the style or name of an actor—he who will put it forth and bringeth it on our stage.

"Very few know to-day, the injustice done us by the late Queen of our most powerful realm—Elizabeth of England—for she was our own royal mère, the lawful wedded wife to the Earl of Leicester who was our true sire, and we the heir to crown and throne ought to wield her sceptre but were barred the succession. We should, like other princes, the first that blessed that royal union, succeed the Queen mother to sovereignty but punished through the rashness of our late brother this right shall be denied us for ever. Speaking of Will Shakespeare, he wrote: 'That honour must to earth's final morn yet

follow him, but all fame won from the authorship (supposed) of our plays must in good time (after our own work, putting away its veiling disguises, standeth forth as you only know it) be yielded to us'."—F.

Here Bacon refers to the fact that the Quartos of the play of "Titus Andronicus," published in 1597, 1600 and 1611 had no author's name attached, being all three published anonymously. Once again, he refers to his royal birth and the fact that Will Shakespeare was one of his masks.

FROM *The Shepherd's Calendar*, 1611

"Ended now is my great desire to sit on the British Throne. Larger work doth invite my hand than majesty doth offer, to wield the pen doth ever require a greater mind than to sway the royal sceptre. Ay, I cry to the Heavenly aid ruling over all ever to keep my soul humbled and content."

Here Bacon tells us that he had given up all hope of recognition as Queen Elizabeth's son and that in future he was going to devote himself to his literary work. This dates back to the period of 1593.

FROM *The Fox*, BEN JONSON, 1611

Here, Bacon, speaking of his birth, writes:

"It were a man both bold and foolhardy that should write or publish in his time such dangerous truth, yet, thus disguised, it requireth less boldness and more perseverance, for I grant it seemeth most wearisome work in ciphering as in deciphering, yet tedious but necessary, during mine early youth and manhood, to protect my life from a thousand threatening calamities, as, no doubt you know, having followed our mазie cipher. Surely, if it were otherwise, I should be working to no end or purpose."

Speaking of his mother, Queen Elizabeth, Bacon writes:

"'Tis just that the veil be torn from the features admired so long, to expose her true character to all the world. Surely a son doth sit close at hand and should see clearly to limn truly. This I know I have accomplished, nor glazed nor blenched in my account, although wider or rather more searching looks shewed me the under current; stronger even than vanity—partly Tudor strength of will and partly her own self love, that moved on as resistless as fate, bearing all before the unsuspected force. This it was, although so well disguised, that kept me from my crown, and as the days and months wore towards the close of life, her desires mastered her wisdom so far that she did meditate naming my brother successor, but his attempt to snatch that prize did thwart alike her hope and his, at forfeit of his life. All joys died with Essex in both our bosomes; for her, all peace as well, and she declined toward her own end, from day to day, visibly, even while she strove most to hide her weakness."

Speaking of his cipher writing Bacon writes:

"The time is still in mind when my thought had no rest in the hours of idleness, lest Her Majesty, my mother, find out my secret. She is now gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns; neither fear nor hope is left me of ought from her hand, but death shall not bury this that her life concealed. The truth here discovered must live in every age, for a Righteous Judge doth pronounce this sentence irrevocably. 'Tis simple justice to her spouse and her two heirs, if too tardy to avail ought."—FR. BACON

FROM *The Fairie Queene*, 1613

"England as she might be if wisely governed is the dream or beauteous vision. I see from Mount Pisgah's lofty top. It is no improper exaltation of self, when one, feeling in heart and brain the divine gifts that fit him for his princely destiny—or that rightly inherited albeit wrongly withheld sovereignty—in true noble kingly spirit doth look for power, not for the sake of exercising that gift, but that he may uplift his people from the depth of misery into which they constantly sink to the firm rock of such mode of life as would change cries to songs of praise."

Referring to his brother Essex, Bacon writes:

"Reasoning that no power should prevail with her Majesty, I felt how ill-advised a sacrifice of life and its enchantments must be that surely would be of no effect. I have spirit of sufficient fire, I think, for such hap as is probable to my station but not enough to support me in torment. Seeing the hopeless state, treason loving Essex was in, I knew I had but to continue my plea, urging that forgiveness might be accorded to Essex, to close the last egress from a cell or lead to the gallows. Thus was my way hedged about."

—FR. BACON.

Here Bacon reports that his father Leicester preferred his younger brother Essex, but that Bacon still vainly hoped to be recognized as heir to the Throne. But there being no way of proving his claim, the witnesses to his mother's marriage being dead and the records destroyed, he must content himself with his literary work. He knew that he would have made a good King as he had the welfare of his people at heart. He also reports that his plea for mercy for Essex would probably have brought him to torture or the block.

FROM *Entertainment*, BEN JONSON, 1616 FOLIO

"Oft do I muse upon the ultimity of this cipher and ask whose hand may complete it. It may be some man I have seen going daily to and fro in the marts and halls of the City. It may, perchance, be some sharp spy of the Court whose zeal would be my death. But my hope is, that not the year but the ages shall unfold my secret history, and reverse a decision that hath been given respecting the Queen my mother, my own birthright and many other things of interest."—BACON.

Here Bacon expresses the hope that the cipher will not be discovered in his lifetime but many years afterwards.

FROM *Novum Organum*, 1620

"Several small works under no name won worthy praise; next in Spenser's name, also they ventured into an unknown world. When I, at length, having written in divers styles, found three who, for sufficient reward in gold added to an immediate renown as good pens, willingly put forth all works which I had composed, I was bolder. Fear lest no recorder may note an inner or cipher story is more present now and doth question how to make a change of such sort that it be simple but not plain.

"Having with some care prepared two sets, both large and small of accented or marked letters, in this type commonly called *Italique*, I have employed the same more frequently to hide secret matters, not

as a means to render deciphering easy, per contra, making it difficult. Upon more reflection, I am assured it will, at length, accomplish all intended when it was devised."

Here Bacon tells us of the Bi-literal cipher which he afterwards explained and illustrated in *The Advancement of Learning* published in 1623—the same year as the *First Folio of the Shakespeare Plays*.

Speaking of his plays Bacon records:

"So few can be put forth as first written without a slight revision and many new being also made ready, my pen hath little or no rest. I am speaking of those plays that were supposed Wm. Shakespeare's. If these should be passed over and none should discover the secret epistles, I must needs make alphabets shewing the manner of employing the cipher. However, I shall use letters that differ from the type I here employ, not wishing at present to give a device that hath caused so many sleepless nights and such troubled days, freely, even as one would tell the meaning of a riddle to a child."

This was written in 1620 and in 1623 in *The Advancement of Learning* he gives the alphabets and explains the working of the Cipher.

"When I first unburdened my heart of the story in this way, I had constantly much to fear lest my secret be scented forth by some hound of Queen Elizabeth; my life might pay the forfeit and the world be no wiser than before. But that danger is long past ere now and nought but the jealousy of King James is to be feared, and that more in dread of effect on the hearts of the people than any fear of the presentation of my claim, knowing as he doth, that all witnesses are dead and the required documents destroyed. When our time shall come for our farewell to earth and all its gifts of joy or pain, our work must still proceed since our invention is not yet discerned. Our hope, however, is still strong and faileth not, that ere long our story shall burst its cerements (grave cloths or shrouds) and rise to make the truth known to all men. Then must our name be known far as man's foot hath trod and that which hath been lost in the present, may be recovered in the future.

"In our plays in the name of a man not living, there is still more of this secret History. By following our good friend's (Jonson's) advice we have not lost that maske though our Shakespeare no longer liveth, since two others, (2) fellows of our play actor—who would, we doubt not, publish those plays, would disguise our work as well. This will not, however be done, until a most auspicious time."

Here Bacon refers clearly to Heminge and Condell who are supposed to have written a preface to *The First Folio* of 1623.

FROM *The Parasceve*, 1620

"I must undo the story of our times so oft spoken of, though it is folly in a royal Prince whose birthright hath, like Esau's been given to another, to expend his time in exposing the wrongs of his unblemished heart to such as would jeer or laugh at his pain. There is one to whom we may not only confide with childlike faith but upon whom we may put off a work too important to lie hidden longer than necessary. This we need not say is our unfaltering, ever constant, decipherer.

(2) Heminge and Condell

"This aphorism contains somewhat of interest, for it doth reveal to my faithful friend the name I should bear. This is Tudor. Since Elizabeth was my mother, 'tis my own lawful cognomen, and by right my brow deserved the rigall,⁽³⁾ my body robes of purple. It is a truth little known, but none doubt witnesses and papers of such a nature as those seen or heard concerning the same. In nine places is this told in some cipher or other, that it cannot well be omitted (neglected). To resume a narration of the event of this secret marriage. Whilst my mother, the Queen, lay prisoner in London Tower, she wedded the Earl, my father—Robert Dudley. She was wedded, as hath been said, and he that addresseth you in these various ciphers was born a Prince of our mighty country. Another son was in due time born, whose spirit much resembled, in the main qualities, that of our mère but who, by the wish and request of our father bore his christian name Robert. He, reared by Walter Devereux, bore naturally that name after a time coming into the titles of Earl of Essex and Ewe. The desire of our father, who remained a simple Earl although he was wedded to a reigning Queen, was to make these affairs so well understood that the successor should be without question. To our mother no such measure was pleasing. By no argument, howsoever strong, might this concession be obtained. Yet I am persuaded we had won out, if her anger against the Earl our father—who ventured on matrimony with Dowager Countess of Essex, assured no doubt it would not be declared illegal by our wary mother—had not out-lived softer feelings. For in the presence of several that well knew to whom she referred, when she was ill in mind as in body, and the Council asked her to name the King, she replied, 'It shall be no rascal's son,' and when they pressed to know whom, said 'Send to Scotland'."—FRA. BACON OF VERULAM.

FROM *Historia, Vitae and Mortis*, 1623, FRANCIS BACON

"My best plays, at present as William Shakespeare's work fostered, will as soon as one more play be completed, wear a fine but yet a quiet dress, as is seemly in plays of so much value and dignity and be put forth in Folio enlarged and multiplied as the History concealed within the comedies, histories and tragedies required. You will, I doubt not, find valued work much changed. I always alter even when there be more to add, and I may take many of the parts from the plays put out in quarto form to reset the same. As half the number I shall assemble have already appeared in Will Shakespeare's name, I thin it will be well to bring out the Folio also in the same name—although he be gone to that undiscovered country from whose borne no traveller returns, because our King would be prompt to avenge the insult if his right to reign were challenged. As concerneth the plays, it is most certain that it would be the part of wise and discerning minds to let this name of a man known to the theatre, and his former gay company of fellow players, stand thus on plays to him as little known, despite a long term of service, as a babe."

Here Bacon refers to *The First Folio* which was published in the same year, 1623, and explains why it is brought out in the name of Will Shakespeare.

(3) Rigall is a very rare and obsolete word meaning regal. If it was not in the cipher, where did Mrs. Gallup find it? It would not be in any American dictionary.

FROM *The New Atlantis*, 1635, FRANCIS BACON

"I am named in the world, not what my style should be according to birth, nor what it rightfully should be according to our law, which gives to the first born of the Royal house (if this first born be a son of a ruling prince and born in true and right wedlock) the title of the Prince of Wales. My name is Tidder⁽⁴⁾ yet men speak of me as Bacon, even those that know of my royal mother and her lawful marriage with the Earl of Leicester, a suitable time prior to my birth. Those whose chief desire is Scientia will rejoice in my experiments in Natural Sciences, for they have greatly increased the knowledge which was in the world. Something have my labours done for other claimants and Philosophy and the Arts have gained by no means slightly by my labour, for I took no respite of years."

FROM *Natural History*, 1635, FRANCIS BACON

"One must give as great a portion of time as seven days in the week can furnish, and must not use many hours for recreation, would he leave ought of any value to men, for life is so short. It is for this cause that I use my time so miser like, never spending a moment idly, when in health. It is behoveful that none of this work attract attention while I remain here and for another quite manifest reason, the Ciphers are not as justly worked out in my later and larger books as I had intended to do, for lack of time is something no man can overcome. Sure my hand and brain have but short rest. I firmly believe that it were not in the power of human beings to do any more than I have done, yet I am but partly satisfied. My kingdom is an immortal glory among men from generation unto coming generations. An unending fame will crown my brow and it is far better worth in any true thinking mind, I am assured, than many a crown which Kings have set on with show and ceremony. Yet, when I have said it, my heart is sad for the great wrong that I must for ever endure. This that is cast wide upon dark waters may some day bring a reward to one who did not sow the grain nor plough the ground, but when it shall be, my fame must exceed his. This that I do must ever be held of such value that the work of him who carries it forward can but be second to mine. My mother did not openly acknowledge either my brother or myself, born princes, heirs to the Kingdom. It burneth as an injury no lapse of time can cure, a ceaseless corrosive which doth eat the heart. The sole relief doth come by making out a history of my wrong which doth so embitter my days. Men can eat, sleep, drink, work when the heart is bowed down in pain, yet the joys are gone from their lives and do not return."—FRA. SAINT ALBAN.

When the reader has read these extracts from Francis Bacon's Bi-literal cipher—let him ask himself the question: Is it possible that all this was the imagination of an American woman? It will be noticed that Bacon records his royal birth on twenty-eight different occasions, inserting this statement in words attributed to a number of different authors. If Mrs. Gallup invented this, she would no doubt have been satisfied in finding the story of his royal birth recorded in one book only, and would never have thought of contending that it appeared such a number of times.

(4) Tudor.

THE ROYAL BIRTH OF FRANCIS BACON CONFIRMED HISTORICALLY

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The first two articles, of which the present one completes this series of three, gave various events in the earliest years of Francis Bacon to show that from his earliest years he was not as the outer world believed, the youngest son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Bacon. The last article took his career up to the time he was recalled from France where he had been maintained by the Queen who specially sent him there.

WHEN FRANCIS was brought back from France in March 1579, where his knowledge of the world had been so broadened by his contacts and experiences gained at the Court of Henri III the ostensible reason advanced was that his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, had died in February. In the latter's elaborate Will, which disclosed large sums left to his heirs by his first wife and a sufficient income for Lady Bacon and her son Anthony, not a farthing was left to his supposed youngest son Francis. . . The Will may be inspected at Somerset House if anybody wishes to check the statement.

It will be recalled that Francis was suddenly whisked away from his home with the Bacon family, sent hurriedly to France in the charge of Sir Amyas Paulet, previously his French tutor, says Parker Woodward (*Life*, p. 1;), who was appointed Ambassador although the existing Ambassador Dr. Dale was in office and continued so for five months longer; that a tutor was specially engaged for him by the Queen who hurriedly removed Francis from his family circle as quickly as possible, and made full provision for his maintenance in France. He was even sent in grand style on the battleship *Dreadnought*, specially commissioned to convey Paulet and his Embassy to France, according to the *Acts of Privy Council*, 1676. As Dr. Dale remained in office for five months later, it gives a plain indication that it was an exceptional act not related to Diplomacy, but revolved round the personality of the young but unrecognised prince who, during his stay was provided with pocket-money from the Royal source. The Bacon family did not enter into the picture.

The explanation of this was revealed by Bacon's first biographer, who signed himself Pierre Amboise, and whose *Life* of Francis was published in France in 1631. He uses such phrases as "He saw himself destined one day to hold in his hands the Helm of the Kingdom"; that Francis "was born in the Purple", signifying his royal birth, was "brought up in the expectation of a Great Career", and further alludes to the "Spendour of his Race", all being attributes of a Tudor prince who was sent to France as part of his princely education.

Three weeks after his return to England in June 1579, he began albeit unwillingly to keep term at Gray's Inn, with chambers in Coney Court, where he remained in residence for three years. Who forced him to take up the study of the law, which, as he protested to Lord Burleigh, the Queen's Principal Minister, he had no wish to adopt? Who paid his fees at Gray's Inn and his rent? Who provided his clothing and books and enabled him to meet his brother students

on an equal footing, they being mainly scions of wealthy and influential families? Not the Bacon family, as admits Hepworth Dixon, in his *Personal History*. Parker Woodward (in his *Life*) claims that he became a "gentleman pensioner" as does also the Rev. Walter Begley in *Nova Resuscitatio*. These Pensions or Royal Allowances were paid through Burleigh.

Alfred Dodd, whose researches into the life of Francis Bacon are of the greatest importance to students of the period, in his *Personal Life Story* (Vol. 1) sums up the relative positions of the Queen and Francis thus: "Shortly after his return from Paris she decided that Francis must continue to play the rôle of son of the late Sir Nicholas, no matter how he disliked it or how contrary it was to his idea of dignity. He must follow the profession of the law, treading in his 'father's footsteps' and at once resume his studies at Gray's Inn to qualify for a living. She would pay his fees, provide him with sufficient moneys for all his wants, and find him pocket money. With regard to acknowledging him publicly as her son and heir to the Throne, it must lie in abeyance as no decision one way or the other could be given as yet. It was a matter for her Ministers to consider as much as hers." Dodd adds that as she held the purse-strings Francis was compelled to acquiesce. He had no alternative.

The next piece of evidence is the "Suit" which he pleaded for many years fruitlessly through Burleigh to be granted him. It is first mentioned but not as a new plea in his letter to Lady Burleigh, sister of Lady Bacon, on Sept. 16, 1580, fifteen months after he had resumed his law studies at Gray's Inn. She was seemingly staying at the Royal Palace and in effect he begs her to use her influence with her husband on his behalf. Both Lord and Lady Burleigh well knew to what Francis referred as his "Suit," the "mention and recommendation of my Suit" and what in effect he seems to hint at in his letter, namely that she would use her influence with the Queen to get his "Suit" granted. On the same day he wrote a long missive to Burleigh himself about his "Suit," which was evidently known to the Queen's Principal Minister of State, for he uses the phrase, "you gave me a good hearing" on a previous occasion when Burleigh had promised to tender it to Her Majesty. His "hope to obtain it", said Bacon, rested on Burleigh's advice to the Queen and to her "Grace" to grant it. Both these letters are printed in full and carefully analysed in Dodd (*Personal Life Story*, Vol. 1, pp. 114-118).

Dodd contends, on all the evidence, that it was a petition for recognition as the son of the Queen. It fits in with all the allusions and double phrases used by Francis; and it is all directed to the same end, namely that he was, as the Burleighs were well aware, the legitimate son of Elizabeth, who was maintaining him. Let those who question the correctness of this statement reflect how absurd it would be to imagine for a moment that the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon would be permitted to present and persistently press a "Suit" or proposal to the Queen of England, discuss and agitate for an acceptance with the Queen's principal Minister, and keep it up for

over five years! The correspondence cited tells us that Francis had rightful claim on the Queen personally and no amount of casuistry can alter the fact as revealed in these letters. His "Suit" was not granted and he failed to obtain the recognition as the legitimate son of the Queen for which he had appealed.

The next item of evidence relating to his true origin was on the occasion of his second visit to the Continent in 1580-2. A letter exists from Sir Thomas Bodley to Francis from which it appears that the latter travelled through Italy, Spain, Germany and Denmark, and that Bodley and his "friends" were meeting his expenses. W. T. Smedley, who discovered the letter, draws two conclusions from it, (a) that Bacon was visiting several countries to obtain knowledge of their customs, laws, religion, military strength, shipping and other matters, and that (b) his expenses were being met by Bodley and "friends", who desired him (says Smedley) "to keep a record of all he observed and learnt and to report from time to time and in return, said Bodley, 'Will make you as liberal a return from myself and your friends here, as I shall be able' " (*Mystery of Francis Bacon*, p.85). Smedley dates Bodley's letter as written at the end of December 1581, and mentions also that Bodley had forwarded £30 to Francis to go on with.

Now, how did Bodley come into this picture? Who was he representing with his "friends"? Why did Bodley require Bacon's collected opinions and reports on the governance of foreign states in all material subjects? For whom was it needed? The answer to the latter question is that in 1582 Bacon's reports were embodied in a State Paper entitled *Notes on the State of Christendom*, and presented to the Queen. Dodd contends that Bacon's second visit was primarily contrived by Burleigh to take his mind off that difficult "Suit," that Burleigh and Bodley were close friends and hence this tour was contrived. Bodley (the founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford), himself travelled a great deal and in 1588 was appointed by the Queen as Resident Minister at the Hague, a very vital diplomatic post especially at that period. In 1583 he became "Gentleman-Usher" to the Queen and according to Mr. Edward Johnson, Bacon's expenses while thus travelling were paid through the Queen's Usher. Whether there were a private arrangement to keep Bacon quiet by arranging a trip abroad or no at any rate behind the scenes we get glimpses of Queen, Burleigh, and Bodley in co-operation.

Burleigh's efforts to evade the persistent "Suit" by sops to Cerberus, also appear, whereby in 1584, Francis, then aged 23, as yet totally unknown to the world at large, was elected Member of Parliament for Melcombe Regis (Portland), a very ancient and distinguished royal borough. Some outside influence obviously contrived this, for he was living in poverty while expending large sums for his literary aims etc., and although he had been called to the Bar had not yet obtained a single brief. There is not a scintilla of evidence that he possessed any local political influence, yet in fact he was also returned for the pocket borough of Gatton, to make sure he obtained a seat.

Who stood behind him? How could he have afforded the expense of electioneering, meaning outlay, to enter a Parliament whose Members were, unlike in our own times, unpaid?

Francis, in addition to his other great qualities, was a born politician in the best sense of the word. His entire Parliamentary career from the time of his maiden speech relating to the Queen's safety—incidentally how should a new and very young M.P. of plebeian origin in a Maiden Speech presume to debate the safety of the Sovereign?—until the day when he became a peer of the realm, was brilliant as an orator as became one of the greatest statesmen in Parliamentary history with an unrivalled knowledge of foreign and domestic affairs, and moreover a pioneer of the future Empire. The Queen and Burleigh must well have recognised these qualities and that behind the scenes Burleigh financed the cost, as Dodd claims, to give him an outlet for his energies. He was never to be king but as Francis Bacon could be a statesman or philosopher or anything in which Royal patronage did not appear.

The next important sidelight on his origin occurs in an undated letter to Burleigh probably written in 1592, which in effect consists of a veiled renunciation of his claims to the Throne. It is printed in full in Dodd (p. 185) and is composed enigmatically yet such as would be readily understood by Burleigh and the Queen but not by others. He says in it, "My Matter is an endless Question. Her Majesty has by set speech more than once assured me of her intention to call me to her service; which I could not understand out of the *place* I had been named to". The "Matter" meant his "Suit". He also says, "I do confess, *primus amor*, the first love will not easily be cast off". Dodd's interpretation, which I suggest is the only explanation, is that "the Place" he had been promised was as Heir to the Throne. Apparently now he was to be cast aside in favour of Essex, and in plain English he realised that "my Matter" was an "Appendix to my Lord of Essex' Suit" as said in his own words.

Apart, however, from indulging in any controversy as to the inner meaning of the letter an outstanding fact is that Francis, the supposed son of Sir Nicholas, was writing to the Queen's most important Secretary of State complaining that she had kept him running after her from his youth onwards until he was weary of her promises. "I have been like a piece of stuff betoken in a shop," he complains, a gross impertinence from a Commoner and mere youth to an august Sovereign, for who was he to dare question the Queen's treatment of him? What claim had he to expect some signal favour? How dared he air his grievance through the Prime Minister, and why did Burleigh temporise with him: To these questions only one answer explains all: *he had the right because he was Elizabeth's elder son born in wedlock.*

In another letter to Burleigh of the same time, in which he refers to correspondence between them, he remarks "I have as vast Contemplative Ends as I have Civil Ends: I have taken all knowledge to be my Province." He asks only for a "Middle Place" renouncing his right to the Throne. He is yet a briefless barrister

with no settled income. "It is inconceivable," says Dodd, "that a man with no claims on the Queen's Minister should write in such a strain, but as a concealed Prince it was his duty to make known his thoughts". If he made the great sacrifice of surrendering his regal claim to the Throne he had every right to expect full and suitable provision to be made to him. Yet it remained speculative and uncertain.

This occurred in fact the very next year. In 1593 a new Parliament was summoned owing to the threat of Spain's designs on England in which Francis now sat for Middlesex. So far he had not practised law, which he cordially disliked to do, and also because he was fully occupied with his *Philanthropia*, as he informed Lord Burleigh. His expenses were heavy, his Chambers at Gray's Inn, his lodging, and the upkeep of Twickenham Park, a lovely villa with 87 acres of parkland opposite the Queen's Palace at Richmond, belonging to the Crown which he had somehow been able to occupy. For the tasks he set out to accomplish he was improvident about money and was always in financial difficulties.

In this Parliament the Queen demanded a double subsidy, with three money grants in three years. Francis dared all by opposing the demand in the way it was presented, as over-riding the House of Commons. The Government, thanks to his oratory and arguments, was defeated, the Queen was furious, and according to Lord Campbell in his *Life*, "was deeply incensed and desired it to be intimated to the delinquent by the Lord Treasurer (Burleigh) and the Lord Keeper (Puckering) that he must nevermore look to her for favour or promotion." (p. 23). She cut him off and stopped his allowance.

Campbell also says that he ran a great risk of being sent to the Tower and punished by the Star-Chamber for his presumption. He paid the penalty in another way. He was denied the Court. The Queen to whom he wrote ignored him. Says Dodd: "He was not only cut off from all social intercourse of Court Life but made to feel the pinch financially." His plight became so desperate that, according to Parker Woodward, even the Cecils urged their father Lord Burleigh, to do something for him. The Queen remained adamant. Lady Bacon and Anthony realised an estate at Marks Tey in Essex, and turned over the proceeds to him, and later Anthony, always his devoted friend, realised another estate to assist him in his financial difficulties. Essex tried to intervene with the Queen but fruitlessly. "Spending much, earning nothing", says Spedding, who never suspected the royal relationship, or, if he did, left it severely alone.

The next year in January Francis conducted his first lawsuit and was so successful that Burleigh congratulated him and asked for details so that he might make a report "where it might do him most good." He could have signified none other than the Queen. This would not have interested Elizabeth had he been a son of Sir Nicholas. Moreover, when he appeared in Court a number of learned Judges paid him the compliment of attending the pleadings. His conduct earned general applause, relates Spedding. Judges do not appear in

Court for a Junior Counsel conducting his first lawsuit ordinarily. The reason was that they knew who he really was.

The Queen, Dodd contends, actually approved of his *Philanthropia* or "Great Instauration" and was well aware of his activities in many directions, and especially of his clever Masques. In the December and January Revels in 1595, where great eulogies were paid to Elizabeth by Bacon, who was the moving spirit in the entire entertainment in a masque, it may be mentioned that it ended with *A Comedy of Errors*, to which Spedding alludes as "which was Shakespeare's Play as I suppose it was", (for Spedding did not also connect Bacon with Shakespeare) but the Play was produced for the law students as written by Francis Bacon! This is a problem which neither Stratfordians nor Oxfordians have attempted to explain away! As a result, however, of the Masque Francis was sent for to Court. True, the Queen did not receive him, being otherwise engaged, but a *rapprochement* was in being. A letter he wrote to Anthony Bacon at this time intimates his real position: "I receive so little thence (from the Queen) *where I deserve the best*". Had he not surrendered his birthright to placate her?

In November 1595, however, things improved. Francis had prepared and written specially for the Queen's Accession Day, November 17th, a Device or Playlet entitled *The Device of the Indian Prince*. It was filled with flattering and adulatory references to Elizabeth which Bacon knew so well how to pen and appeal to the vanity of the Sovereign. It was sponsored by Essex and took place at York House, the former home of Francis which he acquired again later. On this auspicious occasion the Queen was reconciled to him in person, and on that very day made over to him a reversion of the lease of Twickenham Park, passed under her Privy Seal. It was a most valuable concession from every point of view. He was forgiven!

From Twickenham Park to Richmond Palace Francis could cross the river by boat or ferry at any time if the Queen desired to speak with him. The question arises however as to why she specially permitted and encouraged this young man to be living and working on her doorstep so to speak and why she maintained him throughout all the years from the moment he discovered his true origin unless she were his mother. There was nothing in their intercourse to indicate that he was a mere protégé, but the very reverse, for Elizabeth's contacts with him throughout the years reveal her as studiously ignoring him in the public eye, and significantly passing him over whenever it was a case of royal patronage such as the Solicitor-Generalship or the Attorney-generalship, or providing him with any source of public revenue such as she gave to Sir Christopher Hatton and other admirers. Publicly Francis was barred but privately she educated him, sent him to France and other countries to broaden his outlook, maintained him until her death—apart from the punishment she inflicted on him in 1593—assisted him to become a prominent figure in public life, and evidently held him in high regard. In a word she played the part of a good fairy behind the scenes.

Study the other side of the picture. From the time of his birth Elizabeth, as indicated in a variety of ways, was always apprehensive of the early scandal coming to light relating to the murder of Amy Robsart and her responsibility in it, shortly preceding the birth of Francis. Playing the rôle of safety she was forced to keep him openly at arm's length but behind the scenes assisted and encouraged him up to a point through Burleigh. Looked at from her standpoint she was compelled to keep him in the background and repress him the more so as many knew or suspected that she was his mother. It was indeed difficult—a horrible rôle she was called upon to perform—to hold in check so brilliant and restless a genius, and although she felt a mother's love for her elder son she had perforce to conceal it under a harsh exterior. Fate compelled her to sacrifice her son's birthright to the exigencies of her own situation.

The last recorded act of her favours to Francis is that on March 12th, 1600, she assisted him to purchase the reversion of Gorhambury House, St. Albans, from Anthony Bacon. Needless to reiterate that it was not done for a son of Sir Nicholas Bacon. Whether she left him anything in her Will is not known for royal wills are not published, but one final record may be mentioned. As she lay on her deathbed, according to Lady Southwell's circumstantial and minute account, when asked whom she wished to succeed her, muttered, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat but one worthy to be a king." She could not have referred to James of Scotland as one "worthy" for she had demonstrated the utmost contempt for him on many occasions. On the other hand she knew well enough that Francis would have adorned her Throne.

One final allusion may be made. Dodd, in his second volume of his *Personal Life Story* (which he has given me the privilege of reading in manuscript form pending its publication), produces remarkable evidence to prove that the mystery of Francis Bacon's marriage in 1606, when he was 45 years of age, and his bride, Alice Barnham, a schoolgirl scarcely fourteen, a marriage never consummated or intended to be, was closely related to his royal birth and was part of an unwritten arrangement with James, suspicious from the first of Bacon's existing claim to the Throne. The pact was that he should marry someone of plebian origin and thus eradicate any possible descendants from inheriting claims to the Throne. Why he selected this young girl is fully disclosed in a most remarkable romance and why, only after this marriage was he advanced to high office by the King.⁽¹⁾

The facts and circumstances presented, leaving aside the Cyphers which, however, are of vital importance to any student free from preconceived prejudices, present undoubted evidence of the royal birth of Francis Bacon, to account for events otherwise inexplicable but which had to be kept strictly *sub rosa* for the highest reasons of State.

(1) Mr. Alfred Dodd's second volume of *The Personal Life of Francis Bacon*, it may interest readers to learn, will shortly be published by Messrs Rider & Co. Ltd., 47 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7. It will be lavishly illustrated and contains many facts hitherto unknown relating to the illustrious philosopher and poet.

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?

A CONTROVERSY AND A CHALLENGE

ANONYMOUS

This anonymous article has come into our hands, and we publish it as received. It is followed by Mr. Edward D. Johnson's reply who challenges the writer to a wager.—EDITOR.)

CERTAIN pamphlets or booklets issued under the auspices of the "Bacon Society" have been brought to my notice. The whole tenor of these publications is an attempt to prove that the whole of the plays of Shakespeare were not written by the man whose name has stood as the author of these works for more than 300 years, but with equal emphasis to asseverate that these immortal monuments of dramatic poetry were the actual composition of Francis Bacon.

Let me say at once that I am not concerned in the least as to whether Shakespeare, the man, was the author or not of England's greatest literary heritage. Suffice it to admit that the record of his life is scanty in the extreme, in fact it is little more than a skeleton list of dates. Even so, until he attained the age of 33, there are just three bare facts in the record—his birth, his marriage and a mention of his name in an official list of players. Such a biography permits of very little dogmatism, one way or another.

Much emphasis is laid by the Bacon theorists on the high standard of education displayed by the author in the matter of foreign languages, the English law and the plots of the plays in general.

What is known of Shakespeare's education?

And apart from that question, whence do the *large* majority of the plots come? What are the actual geneses of the plays? In answer to these two questions, I now furnish a precis of eight plays which were taken haphazard (actually a handful) from a shelf of the complete Shakespeare in the Temple edition.

As You Like It:—Plot derived from a well-known novel by Thomas Lodge.

King Richard III:—Life of this King by Sir T. More. There was an earlier play and also other contemporary plays.

King John:—This is a recast of an older play entitled "The Troublesome Reigne of John."

Hamlet:—There was a previous English play on this subject.

Macbeth:—Previous plays and Holinshed's Chronicle of England and Scotland.

The Winter Tale:—From an earlier novel by R. Greene, M.A. (Shakespeare was twitted by Ben Jonson for giving Bohemia a seaboard, but that "bull" appears in the novel).

Much Ado About Nothing:—An Italian original but there were three English translations prior to Shakespeare.

Romeo and Juliet:—Derived from Italy early in the XVIth century, later translated into French and in 1562 two separate translations were made in English, one as a poem and the other as a novel.

This *chance* selection forms quite a *just* sample of the plays as *a whole*, and it is seen that there is no necessity to claim that the writer of Shakespeare was a European linguist or possessed a very high degree of erudition.

The working out of the cypher is quite ingenious but surely one is not expected to take these mental gymnastics seriously. By such means it would be feasible to work up a cypher from the pages of any standard work and prove that it was the writing of some person other than the author.

It is one thing to have a doubt as to the authorship of these great writings, but to claim this olympic position for a particular person other than Shakespeare is a truly herculean task. Furthermore, the main requisite to establish the claim of a substitute author is to prove that he was a poet, yet among all the arguments (trivial and otherwise) put forward on behalf of Bacon no poetical work at any time in his long life is suggested, nor is there any existent bearing Bacon's name. It is stated that at Bacon's death, 32, elegies were written by Fellows and Scholars of the University acclaiming him as a supreme poet. We are expected to infer these men were referring to the Shakespearean plays. Yet out of this army of scholars not one of them had the honesty or decency to establish that they were the work of the beloved Bacon.

The preceding paragraph and the note on *A Winter's Tale* deal with much of the trivial argument in the Bacon Society books. One other point should be mentioned before the main reply to these Bacon theorists is furnished. Some play is made with the fact that when Shakespeare finally retired to Stratford, he wrote no more plays or poetical works. Bacon outlived Shakespeare by ten years and for that period Bacon published nothing of note.

It smacks something of the comic to find a sober claim being put forward that a man can have written very great poetry because he was a lawyer, a philosopher and a public figure. Such attainments may prove a sound general education but the average critic would be surprised to find that such a one was a poet. In fact the whole tone of the arguments put forward on Bacon's behalf is prosaic in the extreme, such a tenor of thought has nothing to do with the subtle art of poesy nor with the delicate mind of the poet.

A man can be trained to be a scientist, an architect, a doctor or even an accountant—but a poet, no. It is most true of the poet that he is born not made. It is beyond my power to define the qualities of a poet but luminous amongst them are, imagination, transcendent thought, wizardry in the use of music and magic of words and above all a divine afflatus which comes with the gift of genius.

MY CHALLENGE: By EDWARD D. JOHNSON

The author of this article has not thought fit to put his name to it so I will refer to him as 'X'.

We know very little about Will Shaksper's life, but this is not so surprising as the fact that there is no evidence that he was known to his literary contemporaries as the author of the "Shakespeare" Plays.

If anyone today should enter the portals of "The Authors" Club in London to gather some information about George Bernard Shaw—he would be very surprised if he was told that no member of this Club had ever heard of Mr. Shaw—but not the Stratfordians, who see nothing strange in the fact that there is no evidence that any one of the brilliant band of authors of Shakespeare's day had met, had any conversation with, or heard of Will Shaksper as an author, and that there is no record that any literary person attended Shaksper's funeral—offered any condolences to his family or took the slightest notice that the greatest poet of all time had passed away.

'X' gives a precis of eight plays which he says were taken *haphazard* from a shelf of "Shakespeare's" works. It is an amazing coincidence that those eight plays should *all* happen to be plays which might conceivably have been written by someone who did not possess a very high degree of erudition. 'X' says that this chance selection forms quite a *just* sample of the plays as a whole. It does not. There are 28 other plays and here is a selection which shows that the author knew the French, Spanish and Italian languages intimately.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—Plot derived from "Diana in Love" written by George de Montemayor in *Spanish* and not translated into English until 1598. This play was produced in 1585—the year Shaksper arrived in London. How could he have learnt Spanish at Stratford?

Love's Labour's Lost:—This play is French in manner and setting, the characters bear French names and the play of verbal wit is French. It is all about the court life at Navarre with a very accurate description of French *manners and customs* and shows clearly that the author must have been actually resident at the French Court.

The Merchant of Venice:—Plot derived from "The Adventures of Grannetto" by Florentino, of which there was no English translation.

Titus Andronicus:—Played three years before Shaksper left Stratford for London. It is full of Latin quotations and references to old mythology and history, showing that the author knew all the tragic legends of ancient Greece and Rome. How could Shaksper have written this play at Stratford with no books to consult on these subjects?

Timon of Athens:—Plot derived from Lucian, dialogue Timon or Misanthropos, of which there was no English translation.

Othello:—Plot derived from Cinthio's "Hecatombithi" in the original Italian—no translation of this work into English before 1795.

Cymbeline:—Plot derived from Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' of which there was no English translation before 1620.

All the authorities seem to agree that Will Shaksper left Stratford and came to London in the latter part of 1585 or the early part of 1586.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was on the stage in 1585, when Shaksper was still at Stratford, *Hamlet* was on the stage in 1586, the same year that Shaksper came to London, and *Titus Andronicus* was on the stage in 1584, *two years before Shaksper came to London*. This means that these three plays, if Shaksper was the author, must have been written by him when he was still at Stratford, but these plays, which are saturated with book learning, clearly show that the author must have been familiar with ancient and modern literature, an accomplished linguist, a great wit, and a great poet, so it is impossible to understand how Will Shaksper, without any education and possessing no knowledge of foreign languages, could have been the author. We find that of the 36 plays which are found in the First Folio of 1623, 17 *had never been printed before 1623*. If these 17 plays had been written by Will Shaksper the question arises, where were the manuscripts of these 17 plays between the death of Will Shaksper in 1616 and the year 1623 when they were first published? They were not in the possession of Shaksper at the time of his death because Shaksper left no manuscripts, letters or books of any description—if they had been his executors would no doubt have taken some steps to publish them.

They must have been kept back from publication by the real author until he decided to publish all his plays together in one volume in 1623.

With regard to the cipher. I assume that 'X' is referring to the cipher messages in "Don Adriana's Letter." 'X' says that by such means it would be feasible to work up a cipher from the pages of any standard work and prove that it was the writing of some person other than the author. The Stratfordians always say this. I challenge 'X' or anyone else to take 25 consecutive lines from any standard work and show any name formed out of letters the same distance apart from each other in the form of a pattern and if 'X' is successful I will pay £50 to any charity he cares to name? Failing to do so is he agreeable to pay £5 to any charity I will name. That will prove his genuineness.

The 32 elegies referred to by 'X' in the *Manes Verulamiani*, prove conclusively that many scholars of the period regarded him as the greatest poet of all time, but they were written by members of The Society of the Rosy Cross who were all pledged to secrecy with regard to Bacon's works, and could not go beyond their vows.

I cannot follow 'X's' statement that some play is made with the fact that when Shaksper finally returned to Stratford, he wrote no

more plays or poetical works. After Shaksper left London, the plays continued to appear and *after his death new* "Shakespeare" plays continued to be published as if nothing had happened, and a great number of the old plays were considerably augmented, revised and virtually re-written *in exactly the same style as the original matter*, which shows that the author was still alive. 'X' says that Bacon outlived Shaksper by ten years and for that period Bacon published *nothing of note*. This is not true. In 1623, the same year that he published all the "Shakespeare" Plays in Folio, he printed his great work *The Advancement of Learning*, also *The Holy War* and other books. In 1627 he published *Historia Vitae et Mortis, Sylva Sylvarum* and *The New Atlantis* and in 1625 a third edition of his Essays and his Apopthegms.

'X' seems to assume that the fact that Shakespeare was a genius would provide him with all the knowledge required to write the "Shakespeare" Plays, forgetting that genius does not provide any man with *technical* knowledge of every description. If 'X' happened to read a book which showed an intimate knowledge of stocks and shares and of the inner workings of a stock exchange, and he was then told that the author of this book had never had any dealings with stockbrokers—had no friend who was a broker who could have supplied him with any information on the subject, but that everything in the book was the result of his own imagination or genius, 'X' would no doubt have some very caustic things to say about this.

We shall be pleased to hear from this anonymous critic, if he is prepared to accept Mr. Johnson's 10 to 1 bet, or £50 to £5, that he cannot take 25 consecutive lines from any standard work and show any name formed out of letters spaced so as to make a pattern. From the Stratfordian attitude the wager offers easy money to the said critic.—Editor.

THE LATEST BOOKS

A NEW BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BACON'S WORKS

AT last we have a complete bibliography of all the admitted works of Francis Bacon, collated by Mr. R. W. Gibson, of Oxford, a massive and impressive volume produced in the most luxurious manner, and published by the Scrivener Press of Oxford. It is a compilation which will prove of inestimable value to all students of Bacon's works under his own name and is thorough in every detail. Under the heading of "Baconiana" it includes in addition those of his writings issued as supplements to or parts of works by other writers, of works ascribed to him; of passages excerpted or quoted from his own works; of dedications and allusions to him with estimations of his character and writings, illustrated also by a great many title pages reproduced in exact facsimile, some for the first time obtained from unique copies. As the author truly says in his Prefatory Note, "Some have great intrinsic charm and well illustrate the emblematic and allegorical art of their period." To Baconians they are illuminating.

This painstaking and careful compilation for the checking of collations and other necessary collection of data is the result of exhaustive research by the author, for, apart from the usual recognised sources of information such as the British Museum, the Bodleian at Oxford, and Trinity College Library, Cambridge, Mr. Gibson has combed the world thoroughly one might say for information of precious editions including the United States over a wide scale, Holland, Sweden, Italy, France, and elsewhere. The reproduction in facsimile form of a considerable number of title pages alone make the work of great value to all students of Bacon's phenomenal activities.

It contains no fewer than 680 complete analyses of Bacon's works referred to and some idea of its comprehensive character is obtained from the fact that it contains 62 various publications of the Essays alone, of which 44 are reproduced in facsimile. The importance of this compendium for easy and complete reference is such that no serious student of the Elizabethan Renaissance era, and well-appointed library can afford to be without this work. It is beautifully printed on the finest vellum paper and is a work of art in itself.

Francis Bacon—A Bibliography of his Works and of Baconiana: by R. W. Gibson. Scrivener Press, Oxford. 11 by 8½ ins. 370pp. Price £7 7s.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE *MANES VERULAMIANI*

IT is one of the stock arguments of those who endeavour to repudiate Bacon as the creator of the immortal Shakespeare Plays and Sonnets that although he was a great philosopher and a student of science he was not capable of composing verse, and this despite the complete analogy of hundreds of similar phrases and thoughts in Dr. W. S. Melsome's "Anatomy." Yet this foolish argument continues to keep cropping up in organs of the press which esteems itself literary, or, at any rate, employs literary critics.

If facts are evidence and not mere fancies the *Manes* should prove convincing enough to all who devote even half an hour's study to its contents assuming admittedly that the critic is capable of an open mind,

without which he should not claim to be a critic. Baconians have no need to be convinced or they would not be Baconians but the Francis Bacon Society has shown laudable enterprise in publishing this *de luxe* edition of the *Manes* in the hope that scholars may be converted to the truth or at any rate be shaken in their former orthodoxy. As Mr. Wilfrid Gundry remarks in his admirable Introductory, "A perusal of the *Manes Verulamiani* in a judicial frame of mind, untrammelled by tradition and received opinion, will at least raise doubts as to the authorship of the Shakespeare Plays and at the same time inspire a re-consideration of the popular opinion of Bacon's character, we cannot doubt". Theoretically Mr. Gundry is right. In practice how many are "untrammelled"?

It is fairly common knowledge how these 32 poetic Elegies came to be written. A few weeks after the passing of Viscount St. Alban—whose greatness rose superior to mundane titles, so that the world knows him rather as Francis Bacon—a number of notable scholars united to proclaim to the world his genius as a poet beyond compare, and each rendered his tribute in an elegy composed in Latin verse, which elegies, collected by Dr. Wm. Rawley, Bacon's trusted chaplain and secretary, were published soon after the Master's demise in 1626 by John Haviland, in London. Since then various selections of these Elegies, namely numbers IV, VI, VII, IX and XXXII have been republished but no complete edition of the entire edition has been published except Blackbourne's Edition of Bacon's works in 1730, and Dr. Cantor's reprint of them in 1897 giving only the Latin text. The present edition contains not only the 32 Elegies in facsimile form from the 1626 edition, but it gives the translations of the Latin into English prose by the late Rev. William A. Sutton, S.J., a well-known Latinist. In an Appendix, Fr. Sutton states that his elucidation of "these extraordinary elegies" was due to articles contributed by Mrs. Pott, Dr. Cantor of Halle, and others in the pages of *BACONIANA* in 1896-8, and also to the late Mr. Bertram Theobald, who revised his translation. Both Mrs. Pott and Mr. Theobald were distinguished members of the Bacon Society and their names and work yet survive.

Several of the contributors to this *Memoriae* only used their initials, but thanks to the painstaking work of Mr. R. L. Eagle (Appendix vi), we can trace at least 17 among them, including be it said, prominent Churchmen of the period and outstanding scholars. Rawley himself was a Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, became a D.D. and after Bacon's passing was chaplain firstly to Charles I and subsequently to Charles II. Samuel Collins, Provost of King's, became Regius Professor of Divinity in 1617. Henry Ferne, Fellow of Trinity, became D.D. and Bishop of Chester. Thomas Vincent, Trinity, was a B.D. and became Minister at St. Edward's, Cambridge. John Williams, St. Johns, D.D., Chaplain to James I, succeeded Bacon as Lord Chancellor in 1621, and was successively Bishop of Lincoln and Archbishop of York. James Duport, Trinity, was Tutor at Trinity for thirty years in Hebrew and Greek, and became Dean of Peterborough. Herbert Thorndike, Trinity, a well-known theologian, became Bishop of Bath and Wells. Apart from these distinguished Churchmen there were others such as George Herbert, related to the Earl of Pembroke, a Fellow of Trinity and well-known as a poet and musician. Last, but not least, was Thomas Randolph, also of Trinity (nearly all the members of Trinity College proceeded thence from Westminster School, at that time regarded as the first school in England), known as a poet and dramatist, who wrote six plays and a number of poems in both Latin and English. One of his plays, *The Muses Looking-Glass*, was a defence of the stage as a medium of instruction in virtue and education—as was

Bacon's firm belief and for which reason he used the stage as a vehicle of instruction.

When we consider this distinguished list of men who included an Archbishop, two Bishops, a Dean, two Royal Chaplains, and a Regius Professor of Divinity, apart from literary figures, could anyone imagine for a moment that they lent their names to perpetuate a fraud by proclaiming Bacon as the greatest poet, a rival to Apollo himself, King of the Muses, unless they had every reason to believe that it was true? If ever a poet's reputation were established this list of famous and pious men, every one of them followers of the Muse, is hall-marked as Truth.

From his learned analysis of the 32 Elegies, Mr. Gundry unhesitatingly throws down the gauntlet to the world of doubters. He challenges the Stratfordian conventional acceptance of their champion and makes a strong point by anticipating any argument that these tributes which placed the laurels on Bacon's brow were influenced by the sentiment of "*de mortuis nihil nisi bonum*." No, he says sternly in effect, No, no, no! "The language employed is of such a superlative nature and so generally expressed by all, or nearly all, the contributors that this objection is hardly valid; this collusive praise goes far beyond conventional requirements . . . it must also be remembered that these writers were for the most part well known and responsible persons whose reputations would have been compromised had they been guilty of flagrant exaggeration."

Mr. Gundry's Introductory pages analyse with great perspicacity and wisdom the outstanding phrases of these testimonials to the poetic Muse of Bacon which uphold without equivocation the genius of the Man. To reveal the hidden meanings in classic analogies he is at one with the rendering of concealed idioms by the late Fr. Sutton and by Dom. John Stephan, O.S.B., who has revised where needed the Greek and Latin Notes of the former. The *Manes Verulamiani* reflects the greatest credit on all concerned in its production and should open the eyes of those with any claim to erudition and judgment as to the poetic genius of Francis Bacon. The work is excellently printed by the Chiswick Press, of New Southgate, the reproductions and the type are admirable, and should become a collector's piece. It only remains to be seen if there are any organs of the press who will have the frankness and honesty to recognise the poetic genius of Bacon thus demonstrated to the world, or whether they will continue assiduously to conceal Truth through lack of moral courage.

Manes Verulamiani: Edited by W. G. C. Gundry; additions by the late Rev. William A. Sutton, S.J., and R. L. Eagle. Francis Bacon Society. Price £2 2s., each copy numbered in an edition of 400.

"SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON"(1)

AFTER reading the screaming reviews and descriptions of Miss Marchette Chute's book in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and the "Book Review" of the *N.Y. Sunday Times* of April 16, 1950, and advertisements of her publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, in both of these well-known publications, it was evident that those publications for better or worse are ardently—pro-Stratfordian.

In the "Foreword" she tells the reader, "More is known about Shakespeare than about any other playwright of the period with the single exception of Ben Jonson; and some parts of his life are better documented even than Jonson's." whereas we know almost nothing except fiction. But, whenever she mentions Shakespeare in a biographical manner such as, when *Julius Caesar* was written, etc., it is almost always accompanied by the usual Stratfordian evasive device of—"This *must have been* a clerical error" or (p. 154) "Shakespeare *must have appeared in Plays*" or (p. 159) "*Nor is it necessary to suppose* that Shakespeare was always given dignified roles" etc. No proof but plenty of theoretical "must have" "might have" "and may have" like most Stratfordians. We have such contentions as "Jonson's (Ben) characters were filtered through his careful mind, as his poetry was filtered through his prose. Shakespeare's characters were filtered through nothing and seem to have been born of gigantic lightning flashes of intuition. Shakespeare could describe the country of minds he had never seen as though he had been born there." "Intuition" included his complete command of all classics, Greek and Latin, although it is doubtful if he could ever sign his name—meaning, of course, "Will Shaksper"!

"Although no *evidence* remains on the subject it *seems* likely that the cuts were worked out at rehearsals" is another pure assumption. Her work is crammed with them. Miss Chute, however, devotes many pages to anything but Will Shaksper, writing about the Queen, about Girls' Schools, how boys were trained for the stage, about costumes, playbills, none of which describe Shakespeare of London. What authority has she for the following assertion? "Queen Elizabeth did not see a play until it had first been applauded by the ordinary London theatre goers, and the same was *probably* true of all the special evening performances given by the Chamberlain's company."

She is hot on the Dover region. "Shakespeare visited this district (Dover) more than once with his Company, and had many opportunities to see the samphire gathered in August before he described it in *King Lear*. It grew at Rye, and the Chamberlain's Company also visited Rye in August of 1597. Rye was an old walled town along the coast and had once had a good harbour, but its position as a Port Town was being gradually destroyed by the encroachment of the marshes behind it. It had a good inn, but its chief distinctions were its twenty brass cannons and the fact that there had just been a fascinating local murder. A London bookseller came out the following year with a full account of the deed of one 'Henry Rabson, fisherman of Rye, who poisoned his wife in the strangest manner that ever hitherto hath been heard of'." (p. 196). Rabson used ratsbone and powdered glass and thus passed into temporary renown. Very interesting, perhaps, in a guide book, but samphire is a herb which grows on many cliff-tops besides "Dover."

"Another town that was famous for a murder was Faversham, which the Chamberlain's Company had already visited at the beginning of August on their way to Dover. It was nearly a half century since Mr. Arden had been murdered in Faversham, but it was one of those striking sex murders that everyone enjoys, and even the historians gave the event their respectful attention." Miss Chute is hot on criminology though she cannot detect any facts about Mr. Shaksper.

What has all this to do with Shakespeare the playwright? Miss Chute evidently was aware that to write about Will of Stratford would be an impossible task so, she tried other places to fill in the gap. She had to resort to fill 396 pages with what *seemed* to her *might* interest her readers. But it is not Shakespeare of London.

And this fiction is a big seller in America through advertising!

(1) By Marchette Chute, pub. by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 411 pp.
Price \$4. L.K.

THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY

EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

ON June 22nd, at the Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria, London, S.W.1, members of The Francis Bacon Society met on the occasion of an Extraordinary General Meeting for the purpose of amending certain rules, and it was followed by the Annual General Meeting to discuss the affairs of the Society generally for the past year and to elect a new President and Council.

At the Extraordinary General Meeting, the Chairman, Mr. Comyns Beaumont, stated that the members were called to pass certain revised Articles of Association which had been carefully considered by the Council. The Society had been in existence for some sixty-five years and some of the present Articles were much out-of-date, in addition to which the present Government in 1948 had made a new law relating to limited companies, which necessitated revision of the Articles or Rules.

Mr. Valentine Smith, Hon. Sec., read the following Resolution, which was duly moved by Mr. Arthur Constance and seconded by Mr. Kay: "That the regulations contained in the printed document submitted to the Meeting, and for the purpose of identification subscribed by the Chairman thereof, be and are hereby approved and adopted as the Articles of Association of the Society in substitution for and to the exclusion of all the existing Articles of Association thereof."

Mr. Constance, in moving the Resolution, said that the time had come for a classification of the position and unification of the Society so that in this very difficult world in which we live Baconian truth may stand like a sword unsheathed, a shining reality among the nation of the world. He begged members to bear in mind the cause to which we had devoted our lives and rid ourselves once and for all of the quibbles and differences of a few disgruntled members who would wreck the Society. He appealed to everyone to unite in the spirit of Bacon himself and to place confidence in the Council which it absolutely deserved. (*Applause*).

Mr. Wood proposed to discuss the altered items in the new Articles in detail. The Chairman stated that the new Articles had been open to inspection for a month at the offices of the Society and also at the offices of the Solicitor, Mr. Supperstone. He would only allow discussion of any specific new rule to which anyone present took exception.

Mr. Wood then asked why the number of Members of the Council was proposed to be reduced. In the former Articles it was twenty in the new ones nine. If the Council consisted of the Officers, namely the President, the Editor, the Treasurer, the Hon. Secretary and a maximum of five others it appeared to him that the officers would have considerable advantage and it all depended upon the members' faith in them and how they conducted the affairs of the Society.

Mr. Valentine Smith interposed to state that the Vice-Presidents, while entitled to attend Council Meetings, were not entitled to vote. Apart from them there was no alteration to the existing number.

After some discussion the Chairman remarked that Mr. Wood's inference was that the officers had some ulterior motive. All they wanted was a serviceable and reliable Council, and he reminded the members present that all gave their services and time without any remuneration and all were considerably out-of-pocket in one way or another. These new Articles were passed by the Board of Trade who are very jealous of the interests of shareholders.

The Resolution was put to the vote and carried, Ayes 24, noes 2. The Chairman then announced that it completed the Extraordinary General Meeting, and after thanking the members for their support, said, "Now we pass to the Annual General Meeting. In regard to this we regret there has been some delay in holding it but the revision of the Articles of Association held us back, or,

rather, the Board of Trade did so. I now have to inform you with great regret that our President, Sir Kenneth Murchison, has been compelled to tender his resignation owing to ill-health. He is an elderly gentleman, fervently with us in every way, but Anno Domini has told and he has therefore much to your Council's regret, found it necessary to surrender his task. Your Council has put forward for your support the name of Mr. Sydney Woodward, as our new President. Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg to introduce Mr. Sydney Woodward to you. He has been a member of our Society since he was a schoolboy and those of you who were present at our Annual Luncheon last January may recall that he told us he got into trouble during his school days for announcing himself as a Baconian. At all, events he is one of the most ardent supporters of our Cause. Nor is that all for his father Frank Woodward and his Uncle Parker Woodward were very famous Baconians closely concerned with the leading members of their time. They knew Mrs. Gallup well, who stayed with Frank Woodward for some time and I think I am right in saying that Frank Woodward financed and supported Dr. Orville Owen when he was searching for the lost manuscripts of Bacon and the Shakespearean plays in the river Wye, at Chepstow, some forty years ago. In one way or another the Woodward family have inherited the Baconian creed, or, as outsiders would term it, heresy. I have much pleasure in proposing Mr. Sydney Woodward as the President of the Society."

Mr. T. Wright: "I have great respect for the name of Woodward. Although I am a comparative newcomer to the Society I have always had great respect for past Baconians who have given so much to it. I have no hesitation in seconding Mr. Sydney Woodward as our new President, Mr. Chairman." Mr. Kay supported the Resolution. The Chairman invited those in favour to raise their hands.

Chairman: "It is carried unanimously. (*Applause.*) I now beg leave to withdraw from the Chair and make way for your new President."

Mr. Woodward (after taking the Chair): "Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you very much for the honour you have done me. I shall have something to say to you later on. I now call upon Mr. Valentine Smith to read the notice convening this meeting. (*This was done.*) The next point is the Balance Sheet. You have all had it sent you so there is no need to read it or the Report. Are there any questions?"

Mr. Wood: "I see unfortunately that our Treasurer is not here to-day. I was going to ask what is the proportion in the item Subscriptions and Donations—how much from each. In the Report of the Council for this year we find membership during the past year, and especially within the last few months, has considerably increased. That to my mind does not tally and I think the Chairman will answer that later."

Chairman: "I can answer it for you now. The unfortunate part is I do not think people are really quite so well off this year and undoubtedly a considerable number of Members have not yet paid their subscriptions, which we are bound to receive in due course."

Mr. Wood: "Another point is that Excess Expenditure over Income is shown in the present Balance Sheet as £256 13s. 3d. which is less than last year, but we find that the proceeds of BACONIANA and Sundry Pamphlets appear to have jumped from the figure £149 to £1,036. Moreover, we find that the stock of books on hand at the end of the year in this Balance Sheet has jumped from £480 to £1,275 10s. 4d. Moreover, cash at the Bank has decreased in the last year by £900 and I suggest that the valuation of the books actually at the end of December must have been extremely high to bring it up to that amount—about £800—and what I would like to ask Mr. Biddulph, our Treasurer, unfortunately he is not present, is what could the adjustment of stocks in January and December 1949 be. Is it stocks in hand or is it stocks in hand of other things?"

Mr. Smith: "Unfortunately Mr. Biddulph is not well and so not able to attend the meeting to-day or he could have answered your questions. In regard to the books the increase is this: we have a lot of BACONIANA, old ones from 1866 and they were being sold at a shilling and two shillings each. Well, we decided that these old numbers that go back for years should be charged more

per year for the copies. (*Hear. hear.*) We have put the returns per year at 3d. on the back numbers of *BACONIANA* therefore 1949 cost 2s. 9d., 1948 costs 3s. and so on. When you go back to forty or fifty years the copies come to 15s. 6d. or 17s. You might say this is an extraordinarily high price but we have only one or two copies of such numbers and we have sold two of them to America at that price lately. We have these back numbers and they are always in request. I had a letter from a member in Dundee about the increased amount shewn in the stock and I replied to him that the valuation was on the price we paid for the books and pamphlets, and not the retail price at which they were sold."

Mr. Wood: "Do you mean that you charge from a shilling to half-a-crown for the old *BACONIANA* whatever the price of publication was?"

Mr. Smith: "Yes. Some of the old *BACONIANA* were printed years ago at a shilling each. Now the price has been put up to half-a-crown and we charge that for all back numbers plus the 3d. per year. But we have only a few of these old copies and we want to keep many of them for the files."

Mr. Wood: "That does not include the adjustment of stocks for January and December?"

Mr. Smith: "We are getting more this year than we had last year for the sale of books. *BACONIANA* is now costing nearly £100 per quarter. We all know how the cost of living has gone up in recent years. Printers' wages have risen since the pre-war years, paper has increased, in fact everything."

Mr. Wood: "I appreciate that but the sales have gone up according to this Balance Sheet by roughly £900. Yet the cost of printing has not increased proportionately."

Chairman: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Wood has made his comments. I think we might put the Balance Sheet to the Meeting and the Report."

Mr. Gundry moved the adoption of the Report, seconded by Mr. Jay, and it was accepted with 2 objectors.

The Chairman then dealt with the election of Officers and Council. The following were nominated and elected without opposition: Editor of *BACONIANA*, Mr. Comyns Beaumont; Hon. Sec., Mr. Valentine Smith; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Lewis Biddulph. For the five seats on the Council there were eight nominations. The following were elected: Mr. Arthur Constance, Miss Durning-Lawrence, Mr. W. G. C. Gundry, Mr. Edward Johnson, and Mrs. Beryl Pogson. Mr. Constance was the only nominee who had not hitherto been a member of the Council. He was proposed by Mr. Valentine Smith, who said, "I would like to say a few words about Mr. Constance. He has just come up from Cheltenham and I am very happy that he was able to attend this meeting to-day. He was the Editor of *Great Thoughts*. I understand that he has a business in London and can attend our meetings." Mr. Constance, a journalist of standing and a literary figure, who possesses a library of nearly 16,000 volumes, is an old member of the Society, and asked permission to make a statement. He said, "I have always regarded that one of the chief of the Baconian virtues is to be humble. I am entirely at the disposal of the Council and this Meeting and will willingly stand down if there is anyone else more useful than I am. I am strongly, one hundred per cent, for unity in the Society. It makes me almost weep to see the way some of our dissensions are used by the other side, not necessarily those referred to openly but the arguments put up by a handful of disgruntled members which are seized upon and become the stock-in-trade of our opponents. I feel that the Baconian Truth, which is a vindication of the name of Francis Bacon, is a great Cause—I might say a Crusade—to which many of us have devoted our lives, for I consider the principles for which Bacon himself stood is a very real and most vital need in the world to-day, something which should have an enormous effect upon World Affairs. We should try in every way to vindicate Bacon's name and I am willing to dedicate any money I can and to help considerably in every way. One thing which is a bee in my bonnet is the continual underground attack upon the Royal Birth and the Gallup Cypher, not only here but also in American newspapers and magazines. To my mind the Royal Birth and the Gallup Cypher is not a theory but has been proved abundantly. Many of you have given a great deal of money and time for research into it and it is not easy for a small rump to dismiss it as a lot of rubbish. Bringing criticism of this into our meetings

or elsewhere by members is simply playing into the hands of the Stratfordians and Oxfordians." (*Loud applause*).

The Chairman then came to three Resolutions of which notice has been given by Mr. Wood. One, demanding the re-election of Mr. R. J. W. Gentry, who had been expelled from the Society, was not taken to a vote after Mr. Comyns Beaumont, who, as Chairman of the Council, was responsible for the decision, explained that a special Council Meeting was held at which Mr. Gentry was present and that after hearing the charges and Mr. Gentry's reply, the decision was come to that he had acted adversely to the interests of the Society and his subscription was refunded to him. The second Resolution moved by Mr Wood was that voting at the Annual General Meetings should include votes by proxy. The Chairman, said, "A lot of time was spent at the beginning of this Meeting in passing a Resolution which adopted a new constitution. There are no proxies in it and we have been told that any alterations, even minute alterations, means going back to the Board of Trade, and involving ourselves in difficulty, expense and delay. We have considered the Proxy question carefully, and we decided that proxy voting would be very unwise in a Society of our nature. The Resolution that Mr. Wood is moving means in other words, voting by post. Will anyone second that?"

Mr. Bridgewater: "I will second it."

Mr. Constance: "I propose an Amendment to the Resolution, which I now beg to move. It is, To delete all words after 'proxy' and substitute, 'Would serve no useful purpose as Members are adequately represented by existing arrangements but might well be manipulated by disgruntled minorities to spread disruptive propaganda and so prevent the will of the majority of Members being effectively expressed.'"

The Amendment, being duly seconded, was put to the vote, and carried by 23 votes to 3 against.

Chairman: "Mr. Wood's third Resolution is thus: 'That this Meeting considers that the continued suppression in the Society's publications of evidence and opinion against the Royal Birth theory and Gallup Cypher (while the space for these is given much space) and the Council's similar ban in opposition to these topics at Discussion Group meetings are depriving members of the right of free speech on which all progress depends and are grossly unfair to those who wish to form an unbiassed opinion on these subjects'."

After hearing Mr. Wood, who criticised the Editor who had rejected an article he had written Mr. Constance moved an Amendment as follows: "There has been no suppression of evidence or deprivation of members' rights in regarding free expression of opinion in matters such as the Gallup Cypher and the truth of Francis Bacon's royal birth as revealed in that Cypher, and affirms that the Editor of BACONIANA has exercised wise and impartial judgement in his control and the space allotted, and has, in fact been most fair and lenient, in his policy regarding Members whose prejudice against these subjects is all too evident and whose continued attempts to create discord and weaken the Society was emulated by prominent Baconians in past decades, shows that makers of dissention have no real regard for the progress and financial success of the Francis Bacon Society." Seconded by Mr. Kay, the Amendment was carried by 24 votes to 2.

The Meeting was concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman at 5-20 p.m.

Note—Mr. Sydney Woodward's Presidential Speech is elsewhere in this number.



*Shakspeare's Monument in the
Church at Strasford upon Avon*

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Decem^r 1st 1786.

The first Representation of "Shakspeare," from J. Bell's *Shakspeare*, London, 1786, which our correspondent, Mr. R. G. Turner, recalls, Sir George Greenwood claimed to resemble closely the frontispiece of Bacon in *Silva Sylvarum*. It is a questionable, if interesting, theory.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE STRATFORD BUST

Reference Mr. Clennell's interesting suggestion re the Droeshout Portrait I would ask the question, would Ben Jonson have been likely to do this? There were two reasons why Bacon should not be recognised as Shakespeare. The first was because in those days it was not seemly for a peer of the realm to write plays. But after his death his friends would have revealed the truth.

The second reason would be that a discussion on Bacon being Shakespeare might easily spread to the story of the royal birth; and anything approaching this subject would be very objectionable to the King and the Stuart Dynasty generally; and therefore it was not touched on for centuries.

Ben Jonson on two occasions tries to fix the paternity of Bacon on to Sir Nicholas Bacon. First in the poem to Bacon on his 60th Birthday.

"In to the grave, wise Keeper of the Seal,

What then his father was, that since is he."

Secondly in the prelude to the Folio;

"Look how the father's face lives in his issue."

It is also curious how Bacon grew his beard and moustache as Sir Nicholas grew his; although he was only a youth when Sir Nicholas died.

It seems probable that Ben Jonson had the Droeshout Portrait made from the mask of Sir Nicholas Bacon, rather than from Bacon's Portrait, so as to be able to say if anybody began discussing it, that is made from Sir Nicholas Bacon; and so obviate discussions re Bacon's parentage.

The first representation of Shakespeare was the Stratford Bust, and this, as it was seen weekly by the Stratford congregation, may be presumed to have been like him. They may have found it difficult to understand the super-flattering Latin inscription, "*Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem*," in the dedication, "read if thou canst whom envious death hath placed within this monument;" knowing that the bones of their townsman lay outside the monument, protected by his poem, "Cursed be he who moves my bones."

The wonderful power, supposed to be depicted by the Latin Inscription, did not receive any eulogies on his death, as Bacon, Ben Jonson, etc., did; nor did Camden in his Annals; Dugdale in his large book on Warwickshire Families, the Rector of Stratford, forty years after his death, or Rowe nearly a century later, support the idea, that he was such a wondrous man. And Rowe brings out a copy of the bust, that can well represent Shaksper of Stratford, and a description of him, with mention of his three poems, "If Lucy be lousy," "Oh, oh, quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-combe," and "Cursed be he who moves my bones," but nothing to suggest that he was the wondrous Shakespeare.

The first portrait is supposed to be Dugdale's, in his work on Warwickshire. But is it a copy of the bust at all? It is very different to Rowe's portrait; the only similarity being that the hands rest on a cushion. Sir George Greenwood points out how closely it resembles the frontispiece of Bacon in *Silva Sylvarum*, and it is quite different to Rowe's portrait. Why? . . . One suggests that Dugdale probably knew the truth about Bacon being Shakespeare, but owing to the royal birth bar, could

not mention it. Dugdale's chief assistant in writing his big volume, was Archer of Umberslade, whose great grandmother was also the great grandmother of Lucy who flogged Shaksper. One suggests that he arranged that Bacon's portrait should take the place of Shaksper's.

The name Labeo was used as the name of a writer in Hall's and Marston's *Satyres*, and Marston, by using Bacon's Motto, *Mediocrita firma* seems to suggest that Bacon was Labeo. Labeo means the man with Large Lip. And the large protrusion on the middle of the upper lip of the Droeshout Picture suggests this is Labeo.

R. G. TURNER

Parkstone, Dorset.

NOTES AND QUERIES

I wish we might have in *BACONIANA* a "Notes and Queries" department where questions which are troubling some of us who do not have access to the great libraries or who do not have in our backgrounds the wealth of information which more experienced Baconians may have, might pose important questions the answers to which might be of general interest.

For example, Professor E. K. Chambers in "The Elizabethan Stage" (Oxford 1923) publishes a Court Calendar covering the years 1558 to 1616. He evidently undertook to make this as complete as possible. From Christmas 1560 to February 17, 1560-1 he makes no entry. Chambers gives as the date of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Greenwich and Eltham November 27—December 2; but Chambers makes no reference to a performance of *Gorboduc* as having been performed or commanded to be performed at Whitehall on the 18th of January 1560-1. Can somebody for us enrich Chambers' Court Calendar by supplying his authority and further details?

When was Easter Sunday in 1560? And where was Queen Elizabeth? This is an importantly relevant bit of information.

Where was Lord Arundell's town house? Was it in Deptford?

Important questions like these can no doubt be readily answered by experienced scholars.

G. B. CURTIS

University Editor

Bethlehem, Penn.

(When there is possible space to spare we are pleased to include any queries from readers. Perhaps some reader may oblige by sending us the answers to Mr. Curtis's queries.—ED.)

COINCIDENCIES IN THE 1623 FOLIO

I should like to draw attention to the following which is to be found in the 1623 Great Folio. It seems either to be a piece of evidence in favour of the Royal Birth or else a remarkable series of coincidences.

In the Histories the page numbered 200 is also the 33rd from the end. The fact that it is a 33rd page justifies a closer examination.

34th line up column 1 contains "Elizabeth," and

31st line up column 2 contains "Leicester"

Both of these lines contains the same number of letters, and they embrace 55 lines of text.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about this, but when we consider these three figures, 34, 31, and 55 in relation to another page 200 in the Folio, the question 'Coincidence or not?' begins to arise.

There are two major mispaginations in the Tragedies. 100 jumps to

109, and 156 to 257. Counting back from 257 the page corresponding to 200 is numbered 92, and this is also the 200th page back from the end of the Folio. It seems as if very special attention was paid to the lay-out of this page. Counting the lines in Roman type we find that the 34th line down is also the 31st line up. It contains the word "Mother." The 31st line down which is also the 34th line up contains the word "Childe." The line containing "Mother" consists of 33 letters.

Now consider the following extracts from this page:—

COLUMN 1. Line 2. Beleeve't that

2. Consumptions sowe
 3. In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
 3. And marre mens spurring, Cracke the Lawyers voyce
 5. That he may never more false Title pleade.
 28. And take thy Beagles with thee
 29. We but offend him, strike
 30. That Nature being sicke
 (34 up) 31. Should yet be hungry: Common **Mother**, thou
 (31 up) 42. **Childe**
 54. 'Tis then, because thou
 55. Consumption
 57. thee a Nature

Last 5 lines of column

60. wear **Silke**
 61. **Perfumes**, and
 62. **Shame** not
 63. a **Carper**.
 64. Be thou a **Flatterer** now, and See**ke** to thrive

COLUMN 2. Line 22. O thou shalt finde.

55. But **my selfe**
 56. **Confectionarie**,
 57. , and hearts . . .

- NOTE: (1) the passage from 'Mother' to 'thou shalt finde,' 'Mother' is on 55th line from 'thou shalt finde.'
 (2) Two signatures at line 55 of each column.
 (3) The 'B' of the signature at the top of column 1 is on the 33rd line from Childe.
 (4) The B F of bottom line is on the 33rd line from Mother.
 (5) The minor signature contained in the Capital letters around Mother. A, B, N, Co, W.S.
 (6) The S, Per, Sh, a, ke, B, F, at the bottom of column 1.

There is another interesting point in connedtion with the first 4 lines of col 1. There are 3 letters between the 'sha' of sharpe and the 'cke' of Cracke: also 67 letters between 'Con' of Consumption and the 'spur' of spurring. Sha-cke spur and 'false Title' in contiguity with a Bacon signature and two Bacon numbers, also Lawyer, is odd and may be significant. The 33rd word of the page is 'false of 'false Title'

One realises the fact that b a and con are common, but it is strange that on this page they turn up at significant places on the page.

Some of the above may well be due to coincidence, but can this reasonably apply to the whole?

F. V. MATARALY

Bath, Soms.

MRS. MYRL BRISTOL QUIZZES "PROSPERO'S"
FOLIO "MISPRINT"

Has anyone a dose of sal-hypatica, alka-selzer, bromo-selzer, or any kind of fizz-water handy? Prospero's letter (BACONIANA, Spring, '50) has given your "lighthearted" correspondent a bad case of heartburn. I'm always like this when someone raises dat ol' debbil Dilemma—I never know upon which horn to throw my cap.

Here we are again, up against that fearsome *either - or*. If we anchor our hopes of solving the Shakespeare Mystery to the assumption that Bacon was both author and editor of the *First Folio*, then, I fear, we must accept the book as is. But how is it? Either it is the most slippily edited volume ever printed, as the orthodox scholars seem to think, or it is a neat job. If it is simply a mess—whether due to the fact that some awkward printer's devil dropped the tray and pied the type, scattering the b-literals every which way, mixing *italics* and romans, upper and lower case in hopeless confusion; or whether the typesetter could not make out from the script the difference between *lat* and *light*; or whether the editor arbitrarily used his own discretion in the choice of words—our labours are lost. But if the work progressed under careful supervision, and hence is correct down to the last wrong number and misspelled word, then we "Baconians" are sitting pretty.

Prospero—our hope for the future—cites an "obvious" *Folio* misprint. Well, what may be obvious to Pro-spero may be non-apparent to De-spero. And it may, or it may not, be a "misprint," according to how you look at it. If it be an accidental misprint, we are landed plump into the lap of the orthodox, and whether we like their emendations, excisions, interpolations, interpretations—all this Higher Criticism—or not, that's our medicine, and the directions say take it. But if it be a misprint on purpose, the word is *delighted*, and we are stuck with it.

Swallowing it as an accidental misprint, as Prospero seems to suggest, we have our choice of spirits. The *delighted* spirit being out, any kind of spirit is in. Naturally, as "Baconians," we prefer a delated one—one that has come across; whether wafted over by Charon's boat or by some other vehicle, the root *fer* does not reveal—for naturally we assume that the Dramatist always speaks Baconese, even in Vienna, even in stir, even with his head practically on the block. But do we "Baconians" dare go all the way out for the accidental theory? If we do, we may have to admit that the base fellow at the frame—call him "compositor" if you will be polite—might have reached for an *a* and just as likely have found an *e* in the box; or, instead of *igh*, he could more easily have mistaken the copy *la* for *fla*, and set us up a *defeated* spirit. Why go so far out of his way to be wrong?

Quoting Prospero: "A spirit bathed in fiery floods and embedded in thick ice would feel anything but delighted." I don't think he would feel anything, but anyhow—I ask you, Sir, what kind of editing is this? Is *and* an obvious misprint for *or*? Or did Prospero's script actually call for "fiery floods *and* thick-ribbed ice?" Or was it our editor himself who plunged this del . . . ted spirit simultaneously into both very cold and very hot water?

There may be other alternatives. But one thing is obvious, is it not?—if we are allowed a single substituted word in any passage of that *Folio*, we may get out a whole new unauthorized edition, cured, and perfect of its limbs, and all the rest, and absolute in its numbers—as we conceive it.

This *either—and/or* stuff is what gives me that over-stuffed feeling in my mid-rift. But—*dum spiro, spero!*
Iowa City, Iowa, U.S.A.

MYRL BRISTOL

THE MYSTERY OF BACON'S DEATH

I was much interested in the April number of "BACONIANA" to find the many questions asked concerning when, where and how Francis Bacon died. The story, or tradition, of his experiment in refrigeration seems to carry little weight. Referring to the quotation taken from my "Reminiscences" that the feigned death and escape from England as a lady's maid to Lady Delaware, I would like to add a little more. Anyone who has seen my book, will have seen the "Emblem" from our Spanish Emblem Book (Madrid 1610) showing a bearded man, dressed in a cap, gown and apron of a serving maid. It is known that the Delawares went to America, stopping in Newfoundland, where they found the climate too severe and moved south to a district, later called Delaware (U.S.A.) named after them. Newfoundland was discovered by Cabot in 1497. In 1683 Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of the Island for Queen Elizabeth. The forbidding climate discouraged settlers, but the fisheries brought in a goodly income to the Crown. In 1918 Newfoundland received the status of a Dominion. At this time they issued a new postage stamp, with the portrait of Francis Bacon in it, and under it this inscription—

"The Leading Spirit in Our Colonization." This would seem significant! Referring again to Mrs. Pott's visit to St. Michael's Church seeking information about Francis Bacon's final resting place you will remember about this time England prohibited future crypt burials, and that is why the crypt of St. Michaels was sealed after Lord Verulam's burial.

Maine, U.S.A.

KATE PRESCOTT.

11th July.



Mr. Sydney Woodward

Who at the last Annual General Meeting was unanimously elected President of the Francis Bacon Society on the resignation of Sir Kenneth Murchison owing to ill-health after many years of disinterested service to the cause.